

THE ILLUSTRATED
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
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MISS BESSIE RICHARDS.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

The part of Lady Catherine (in *Hertford*) was admirably represented by MISS FOWLER. The dignity of the lady when aspersed by her Queen and the earnestness in the pleading for her husband's life were admirably done, and the part should be a good addition to Miss Fowler's repertoire, seeing that it forms a capital contrast to most of the other parts which this accomplished actress has recently assumed.—*Yorkshire Post*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

Hertford is a nice little historical sketch in blank verse, and is capitally acted. MISS FOWLER is a charming Catherine Grey, and acts with great passion and feeling.—*The Yorkshireman*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

The accomplished acting of MISS FOWLER in this important part (Lady Catherine Grey) proved her to be possessed of great dramatic power, and showed that she was equally at home in tragedy as in comedy. Her devotion to her husband, her eloquent but vain appeal to the Queen, and lastly her heroic and self-inflicted death, were each separate and distinct phases of acting which were eagerly followed by the audience, and which afforded the artist the requisite opportunity for the display of her undoubted abilities, while the enthusiastic recall which greeted her at the close was the best evidence of the success which she has achieved.—*Scarboro' Daily Post*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

THE LOVE CHASE.—The performance last night was for the benefit of MISS FOWLER, when Sheridan Knowles's admired comedy *The Love Chase*, was performed. The character of Constance has been a favourite one with many actresses, and was one that was sure to claim the attention of so sprightly a delineator of comedy as Miss Fowler. Last night she displayed great spirit and vivacity in the part, and in the scenes where she first coquetted with, and then railed against and tormented, the love-sick Master Wildrake, she was all that could be desired. She was warmly applauded throughout, and was called before the curtain at the end of each act.—*The Bradford Observer*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

Last night MISS FOWLER, who has attained so much popularity since her visit to the Bradford Theatre Royal, appeared as the heroine in *The Love Chase*. The character of Constance is well suited to Miss Fowler, and she portrayed it in a manner which afforded the greatest satisfaction to an audience enthusiastic in their praise of her histrionic abilities. Her love-making with Master Wildrake was irresistibly laughable, and better comedy acting we have not seen in Bradford for a long time. In the description of the chase she was sprightly, and gave plenty of dash to the part; whilst the coquetry and also the jealousy of Constance were exceedingly funny. At the termination of the piece the whole of the company were called before the curtain and loudly applauded, Miss Fowler again receiving a double call.—*Bradford Chronicle and Mail*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

The Constance of MISS FOWLER is bright, vivacious, full of animal spirits, and tempered by grace and refinement. Her style exactly suits the part, and the result is thoroughly pleasing and satisfactory.—*Yorkshire Post*, September 6th.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

THEATRE ROYAL, YORK.—In Sheridan Knowles's *Love Chase*, which formed part of her benefit programme last night, MISS FOWLER acted her part to the very life. Her spirited acting and her keen appreciation of the real spirit of the piece lent a charm to every situation, and strengthened those opinions of her high abilities as an actress which her previous performances had created.—*Yorkshire Post*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

There was a large attendance at the Theatre last night, when MISS FOWLER took her benefit. She appeared as Constance, in the favourite old comedy of *The Love Chase*, and drew forth the frequent plaudits of the house by her fine and effective powers of comedy acting.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

THEATRE ROYAL, WEST HARTLEPOOL.—With full houses all the week, last night surpassed all in numerical success. The tariff of admission to the higher-priced seats had been raised, but notwithstanding this ordinarily prohibitive course the boxes and circles were inadequate to meet the demands made upon their accommodation, and chairs had to be brought into requisition for the use of those who found themselves standing in the footways which entered the various tiers of seats. The Theatre was filled a considerable time before the curtain was drawn. For the first time this week there was a change in the programme, from which we may deduce a high compliment for Miss Fowler, whose success in *Scandal* and *Nell Gwynne* was so complete, so masterly, that the public were well content to witness any performance in which she was to take part, feeling perfectly assured that whatever piece she dignified with her name would be well worth seeing. The curtain rose to *The Love Chase*. The part of Constance was sustained by Miss Fowler. That Miss Fowler played well is saying as little as we can say; that she played with triumphant power is asserting no more than we are warranted in doing. The part she took would, in the case of an average actress, have been overdone, and would, as a matter of course, have fallen without point—would have lost that charm which is enjoyed in the contemplation of intensely realised feeling—the force and naturalness of which impress the audience so deeply and powerfully.—*Northern Evening Mail*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

The Leeds Theatre Royal is enjoying just now a rare luxury, MISS FOWLER has been appearing there during the week, and appearing to excellent houses, as so charming an actress deserves to do, and that lady will make her last acknowledgment to the playgoers of Leeds to-night. In Miss Fowler there is no deception. She is a genuine actress, and does thoroughly and artistically everything set down in the bill for her to do. In *Nell Gwynne* her acting is simply superb. We can scarcely imagine a more perfect impersonation of a most difficult and strangely complex character. Only talent of the highest order would enable Miss Fowler to surmount obstacles of no common sort in making *Nell Gwynne* a success. But in *Nell Gwynne* she is successful, in *The Love Chase* as Constance she is charming, and in the screen scene from *The School for Scandal* she is inimitable.—*The Leeds Times*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

"As You Like It"—Shakespeare's exquisite pastoral comedy, *As You Like It*, was produced yesterday evening, at the Theatre Royal, by MISS FOWLER and her company. Seldom is this comedy produced in this town, and rarely, we think, will it be played with the same success as it was yesterday evening. It is not too much to say that Miss Fowler as Rosalind fairly illustrated the work of the great bard. Vivacious and pleasing in manner, Miss Fowler was Rosalind to perfection.—*Newcastle Northern Express*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

The large audience who assembled last night at the Theatre Royal on the occasion of the benefit of the accomplished actress, MISS FOWLER, enjoyed a rare pleasure in witnessing the performance of one of Shakespeare's most delightful comedies, *As You Like It*. Miss Fowler was, of course, Rosalind, and all who know the versatile talents of that able actress will readily believe that the character was rendered with all the sweetness, grace, and vivacity that belong to it. It is seldom, indeed, that a play of Shakespeare is so well represented as the one which Miss Fowler and her company performed last night, and it will serve to keep Miss Fowler's visit long in the memory of playgoers.—*Newcastle Daily Journal*.

MISS FOWLER AS ROSALIND.

Last night, on the occasion of her benefit, MISS FOWLER appeared as the heroine in Shakespeare's ever-charming pastoral comedy, and her delineation of this arduous character furnished fresh proofs of her power in high comedy. There is little of deep passion in Rosalind; but there is an incessant play of the lighter passions—a continual variation of moods, which only an actress of genuine talent, and one who is a mistress of dramatic resources, can express with sufficient force, and yet with the requisite delicacy and grace. In the more vivacious scenes in the Forest of Arden Miss Fowler played with most enjoyable spirit, appreciation, and artistic finish. The performance gave great satisfaction to the audience, Miss Fowler being more than once called before the curtain.—*The Scotsman*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Last night MISS FOWLER took her benefit, and *As You Like It* was on the occasion played before a good house. Miss Fowler assumed the rôle of Rosalind, and kept the house engrossed in admiration of her artistic rendering of that character. Natural and playful in the forest scenes she tripped through the piece with a grace and want of any appearance of affectedness that is seldom witnessed in a representation of the sportive maid-man. She was several times called to the footlights, and at the close of the comedy was much complimented.—*Edinburgh Courant*.

MISS FOWLER IN THE PROVINCES.

GAIETY THEATRE.—*Nell Gwynne*, a three-act comedy by Mr. W. G. Wills, who is already known here as the author of *Olivia* and other dramatic works, as a drama is in some respects undoubtedly clever. In the first place it provides MISS FOWLER with a part eminently suited to her, and indeed it is understood that the play was devised with that view. Moreover, it introduces the spectator to the profligate monarch himself; to Sir Peter Lily, who perpetuated on canvas the infamous beauties whose portraits are still visible at Hampton Court; and to Samuel Pepys. It was very droll to see Nell Gwynne playfully snatch the diary from his hands and read the remarks made concerning herself and her surroundings. At this point, and indeed, all through the play, the acting of Miss Fowler was in perfect keeping with the character she represented. It was admirably saucy and audacious all through, and at times its pungent vivacity had a marked effect upon the audience.—*Glasgow News*, Tuesday, October 21st, 1879.

THEATRES.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—MERCHANT OF VENICE. Shakespeare's Comedy having been received with the utmost enthusiasm, will be repeated every evening at 8 o'clock, until further notice. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry. Morning Performances of THE MERCHANT OF VENICE to-day (Saturday), at 2 o'clock, and Saturdays, Nov. 29, Dec. 6, 13, 20, and 27. Shylock, Mr. Irving; Portia, Miss Ellen Terry.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD. First Nights of a new burlesque by F. C. Burnand, called ROBBING ROY. Preceded by the comic drama in 3 Acts, called THE GRASSHOPPER. Miss Farren, Mr. Terry, and powerful company. Open 6.30. Operetta 6.45. Drama 7.30. Burlesque 9.30. Prices from 1s. No fees. Afternoon performances every Saturday at 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Mr. HARE and Mr. KENDAL, Lessees and Managers.—EVERY EVENING at 7.45, a New and Original One Act Play, by Mr. Val Prinsep, A.R.A., entitled MONSIEUR LEDUC, in which Mr. Hare will appear as the Duc de Richelieu; after which the highly successful Comedy, by Mr. G. W. Godfrey, THE QUEEN'S SHILLING. Characters by Mrs. Kendal, Miss C. Nott, Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. Kendal, Mr. Terriss, Mr. Wenman, Mr. Mackintosh, Mr. Cathcart, and Mr. Hare. Box Office hours 11.0 to 5.0. No fees.—Acting Manager, Mr. Huy.

DRURY LANE.—HENRY V., decided success.—

To-night, and every evening, at 7.45, Mr. George Rignold as Henry V.; Messrs. Ryder, Charles Harcourt, Odell, Calhaem, C. H. Stephenson, Walter Grisdale, Frank Barsby, &c.; Master Grattan, Mesdames Brabrook Henderson, Vivian, Tennyson, Marlborough. Preceded at 7 by THAT RASCAL PAT, &c.—Box-office open from 10 till 5. No fees for booking. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM. BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 9, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, authors of "The Pink Dominoes," by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill, Mesdames Lottie Vonne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Stephens will appear. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, by A. Maltby. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—Messrs. Holt and Wilmot. EVERY EVENING at 8, NEW BABYLON, by Paul Meritt. Patronised by T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales. Box-office open daily. No charge for booking.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—

Lessee, Miss FANNY JOSEPHS. Under the direction of C. A. Drake, Esq. Last Morning Performance, Saturday next, November 29th, at 2.30. Every evening at 8.15, the MARGOLD. The success of the season, by Leon Vasseur, and Arthur Matthison, new scenery and costumes. Full orchestra and numerous chorus. Principal characters by Mesdames Mulholland, Sullivan, Muncey, Edwards, &c., Messrs. Wood, Rouseby, Dwyer, Mudie, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by AFTER ALL. Box-office open from 11 till 5 daily. Private Boxes, 1 to 3 guineas; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. No booking fees. Conductor, Mons. Van Biene. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. James Guiver.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Lessees and

Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—NICHOLAS NICKLEBY every evening at 7.45. Messrs. H. Neville, J. Fernandez, J. G. Taylor, E. H. Brooke, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, and H. Vezin. Mesdames L. Foote, A. Mellon, H. Coveney, E. Duncan, E. Heffer, and C. Jecks. Doors open at 6.30. JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP at 7. To conclude with DOCTOR DAVY. Mr. Hermann Vezin, Miss Bella Pateman, &c. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—James Albery's

successful comedy, TWO ROSES.—At 8 the celebrated Comedy in three acts, written by James Albery, entitled TWO ROSES (46th and following nights). Every Evening at 7.30, HOME FOR HOME. Concluding with OUR DOMESTICS, by F. Hay. Supported by Messrs. Henry Howe, Thomas Thorne, W. Herbert, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Telbin, Palmer, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

WILSON BARRETT.—Immense Success. Every Evening, at 7.45, a comedy, in one act, by H. A. Jones, A CLERICAL ERROR. Mr. G. W. Anson, Mr. Dacre, Miss Emery, and Mr. Wilson Barrett. After which, at 8.30, COURTSHIP; or THE THREE CASKETS, comedy in three acts, by H. J. Byron. Messrs. Charles Coghlan, Wilson Barrett, H. Reeves Smith, E. Price, A. Dacre, Johnstone, Lashbrooke, and G. W. Anson; Mesdames Amy Roselle, Leigh Murray, Ormsby, and M. A. Giffard. Box-office open from 11 to 5. No fees.

FOLLY THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. L. TOOLE. At 7.30 THE MAID WITH THE MILKING PAIL, Miss Frances Delaval (her FIRST APPEARANCE in London); Messrs. Billington, Carne, and E. W. Garden. At 8 A FOOLAND HIS MONEY, Charles Mr. J. L. TOOLE, supported by the entire company. At 10 ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS, Mr. J. L. Toole. In preparation, a New Comic Drama, in Three Acts, by Henry J. Byron, THE UPPER CRUST. Doors open 7.0 commence at 7.30. Prices from 1s. to 43 3s. Box-office open 11 till 5.0. No fees for Booking. Notice: Morning Performances next Saturday at 2.30. DEARER THAN LIFE: Michael Garner, Mr. J. L. Toole, and powerful cast. DOMESTIC ECONOMY. Doors open at 2.0.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.—

Every evening at 8. THE HUNCHBACK. Master Walter, Mr. Charles Kelly, specially engaged for this character, in which he will appear for the first time; Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Walter Bentley; Modus, Mr. F. W. Wyndham; Fathom, Mr. Fosbrooke; Lord Tinsel, Mr. R. Lyons; Helen, Miss Virginia Francis; Julia, Miss Isabel Bateman, her first appearance here. At 7.30, BARNEY THE BARON. Mr. Edmund Lyne. Doors Open at 7. Performance concludes about 11.0. Places can be booked at all the Libraries, or Box Office. Doors open at 7.0. Prices, Stalls, 7s. 6d.; Balcony, 4s.; Family Circle, 7s. 6d.; Pit Stalls, 2s.; Pit, 1s.; Gallery, 6d. No fees of any sort.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

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ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK. Continued success. Last week of VENUS. Reappearance of Mr. Edgar Bruce as Guy Devereux. Doors open at 7.0. Performance will commence at 7.30 with MEM. 7; followed by the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH AND TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims; at 10, VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, H. Astley, H. Saker, Sam Wilkinson, F. Desmond; Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Edith Blande, Marie Williams, Hastings, Phoebe Don, Vane, Ward, Braham, Carlin, Rose Cullen, &c.; and chorus On Monday, December 1st, will be produced a new and original Extravaganza, entitled BALLOONACY, by F. C. Burnand and H. P. Stephens. No booking fees. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. George Keogh.

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To be held at BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, NOVEMBER 29th, DECEMBER 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th.
For the convenience of Exhibitors at the above Show the London and North Western Company have made arrangements for Through Vans, for the conveyance of Poultry and Pigeons to Birmingham, on Friday, the 28th November, by the Trains

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No more Advertisements can be taken for the CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

A SAGE who has devoted his best attention to the subject of horticulture makes public the following infallible recipe:—"If one forgets whether beds are planted or not, a good way to tell is to turn a stray cat into the garden. If the beds are planted, the cat will proceed to race round and dig into them, and act as if it had relatives in China whom it was anxious to get at; while, if they are not, it will sit down calmly in the path and seem to be meditating on the progress of missionary work in Africa. A cat's instinct seldom deceives in this matter."

AN amusing anecdote of Mme. Pauline Lucca is going the rounds. Mme. Lucca has a special detestation of Herr Wagner and all his works, and stipulates before signing an engagement that she shall not be called upon to sing his music. But it happened at Pesti some time ago that the manager of the theatre where she was *prima donna* desired to put up *Lohengrin*, and he begged her to study the part of Elsa. Firmly and emphatically she declined, and there would have been an end of the matter had not he and his friends hit upon an ingenious scheme. They started a rumour to the effect that *Lohengrin* could

not be played because, admirable as Mme. Lucca had proved herself to be in so many characters, the rôle of Elsa was just a little out of her reach. She would have consented, but felt that the attempt could not be successful. The papers copied the current report, and readers were informed that it was not the *prima donna's* inability but her physical means which had failed her. The consequence may be imagined. She sent for a score, learnt the part in three days, and sang it admirably. But if the management on this occasion had the best of her, she more than returned the compliment; for next morning she threw up her engagement and left the city.

THIS singularly comprehensive challenge was sent to Squire Osbaldeston by a gentleman who seems to have had no small idea of his accomplishments. The challenger desired "to run him a mile across the course; to run him four miles across the country; to run a hundred miles along the road; to walk, to trot, and gallop him three miles each; to ride him over the highest leap; to walk him a mile; to walk him ten miles; to run him a hundred yards; to run him a mile; to hop him a hundred yards; to jump him one standing jump; to jump him one running jump; to jump him in height; to jump him—hop, step, and jump; to play him a game of quoits; to play him a game at billiards; to play him a game at fives; to play him a game at cricket." And after this list is exhausted, the Squire is again put on his mettle as an owner of horses, by the following:—"And, to wind up, I will produce a cart-horse, not more than fourteen hands high, that shall walk, trot, and gallop any cart-horse he can produce, of whatever age or size he may be."

It is strange that some of the dramatic critics do not see how much their power depends upon their truth. Things are infinitely better than they were, but there is still room for much improvement in several quarters, as is obvious from circumstances which occurred last Saturday. A young lady—it is kindest to omit names—had either persuaded herself, or been persuaded by those who should have known better, to attempt the part of Juliet, and the Adelphi Theatre was taken for the hazardous experiment. On these occasions one can usually say in conventional terms that the *débutante* "has intelligence," "shows promise," or some such phrase. The young lady in question was obviously hopeless. Her intelligence was utterly undiscoverable, and promise there was none—except of disaster if such attempts were repeated. The critic of the *Times* said about as much in so many words; the critics of the *Standard* and *Daily News* were present, but mercifully said nothing; yet several of the other papers, though writing in a manner which told the initiated the true state of the case, gave just sufficient encouragement to persuade the young lady, and her evidently ignorant or interested friends, that she has a chance of more or less distant success. It seems to me that this is neither kind nor fair.

It is said that these startling assertions were actually made by an American journal the other day:—"Our new school-house which burnt last week was large enough to accommodate 300 pupils four stories high. The school-house will be rebuilt by a brother of the former architect who died last summer on a new and improved plan." It must be indeed a large school-house that is capable of accommodating so many pupils of such enormous size, but an architect who died last summer on a new and improved plan, and is nevertheless ready to rebuild the edifice, is clearly not a common sort of man.

ROBERT BROUGH's *Masaniello*—to continue from last week the subject of comic play-writing—also brings up memories of the time when burlesque was more amusing than it usually is at present, though Mr. Burnand has decidedly scored with *Rob Roy*, some of which is in the genuine spirit of extravaganzas. Selva (in *Masaniello*) is a wonderfully active and unintelligent police-officer, whose abnormally suspicious mind detects treason and conspiracy in the simplest and most innocent matters—a burlesque of the ultra-astute constables who were then, and still are, said to exist. Borella, a musical devotee, and two companions are singing after the manner of street vocalists, and Selva, pouncing upon them, feels convinced that it all has a hidden meaning which threatens danger. The three are seized.

BOR. What have we done?

SELVA (*writing hastily in a note-book*). "The villains dared protest

'Gainst the legality of their arrest."

Don't criminate yourselves (*he watches eagerly to take down their words*).

BOR. We were but singing,

In hopes, since times are hard, some cash of bringing.

SELVA (*writing*). "The rebels, by their ringleader's admission, Disturb'd the peace, to better their condition."

Their music is seized, but Selva can make neither head nor tail of it; and Borella eagerly explains, with the pride of a composer, pointing to the sheet with his finger:

A mere concerted piece—

SELVA (*writing*). "One of the faction

Confessed to a concerted plan of action—"

BOR. Beginning upon C—

SELVA (*writing*). "The agitation

Commencing with the sea-coast population!"

BOR. Then running from the Major—

SELVA (*writes*). "With perversion

Of the militia, leading to desertion."

BOR. We strike three flats—

SELVA (*writes*). "Armed violence they bring

Against myself—the viceroy, and the king!"

Some one wears a hat which strikes Selva as odd in shape, and the culprit is arrested, the charge being an "attempt to revolutionise the crown." A very little boy cracks a nut, and Selva sees in it a plot to shell the place; and then the air seems to him laden with a strange perfume:

Somebody's smoking! Find him out, my men!

1ST POLICE. Please, sir, it's Mount Vesuvius!

SELVA (*drawing his truncheon*). What, again?

Follow me, lads! All minor business scorning,

To give that mountain—

ALPH. What?

SELVA A second warning!

THERE are few Norfolk farmers, at any rate among those living near Sandringham, who could not cap the following story of a great gentleman's kindness and consideration. The *South Eastern Gazette* relates the anecdote, and says: "A prisoner, now undergoing sentence for a poaching affray, states that he formerly lived in the neighbourhood of Sandringham, adding, 'I was never in trouble while I lived there—nor nobody else.' Being asked why, he said it was because if a man needed a dinner, and wanted a rabbit, he had only to go to the 'House' and ask for one. The Prince had given special orders that the men about were not to trespass and shoot for themselves, but that his keepers were always to supply a rabbit to any labourer on the estate." The story is thoroughly characteristic of the master of Sandringham.

A LIFE of Prentiss, the famous American lawyer and writer, has just been published, and contains an account of two duels which he fought with a General H. S. Foote. From the following anecdote it will be seen that though both survived the ordeals, it was not the lack of cool courage which made Prentiss miss his aim:—"At the first fire Prentiss's pistol snapped, and his adversary's ball passed over him. This so increased the anxiety of the crowd assembled, as was common in those days, to witness the affair, that they pressed up on each side of the line until scarce enough space was left for the passage of the bullets. As the combatants were about to fire a second time, the profound silence which preceded giving the word was broken by Prentiss, who, observing a small boy climbing into a sapling in his rear, remarked laughingly: 'You'd better take care, my son; my friend General Foote is shooting rather wildly to-day.' The good humour of his remark, combined with his solicitude for the child and forgetfulness of self on such an occasion, elicited a round of applause that made the forest ring."

ONE of the least promising of all possible draws for a good story would seem to be the *Alliance News*, the organ of the unmitigated teetotaler. Nevertheless, in that unlikely source (to give Sir Wilfrid Lawson his due) I find the following anecdote of a young lady. She was on board a vessel bound for India, and had no less than a dozen gentlemen enamoured of her. In her perplexity she asked the captain what she should do; and he recommended her when the water was calm to jump overboard, and to marry the man who jumped in after her. She followed his advice, and eleven of the twelve plunged into the water in order to rescue her. She and her eleven preservers stood upon the deck, dripping; but the difficulty was far from solved, and in still greater perplexity she asked the captain what she should do now? "Why, marry the dry one," replied the well-meaning but dreadfully illogical mariner.

PROBABLY the *Sunday Times* could explain the following, if it cared to do so. Without an explanation the result is a trifle confused:—

"Miss Genevieve Ward has played at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, in *Forget-Me-Not*, with the success that has always attended her.

"We also learn that another gentleman, well known in connection with practical and mechanical stage matters, will appear as a principal witness in a similar case."

Mrs. F.'s aunt said that there were milestones on the Dover Road, and Trelawney shall not die if the Cornish men know it.

A CURIOUS trial was in progress in Cincinnati when the last batch of journals from that spot arrived. The action was brought against the owner of a famous trotting mare called Goldsmith Maid, who, until beaten by Rarus, was the swiftest trotter in America. (Since then, and, moreover, under adverse circumstances—a boot having come loose at a critical point and flapped during the remainder of the trial—a horse called St. Julien has beaten all authenticated records, having done his mile in 2min. 12½sec., against Rarus's 2min. 13½sec., and Goldsmith Maid's 2min. 14secs.) The owner of the mare had been engaged to trot her at Ohio Fair, but she was ill, and he would not put her to her best speed, on which plea the Fair Committee refused to pay. But the interesting thing about the case is the evidence concerning the mare's disposition. A witness declared that she was the most intelligent horse that ever trotted a race, and knew as much about her business on the track as Budd Doble (her owner) did his. She knew why she was on the track, and took as much interest in the race as the spectators. She never wore blankets or blinds, and when trotting against time with a running mate would turn her head to watch the running horse, and if he gained, would bring her head back and go like an arrow until she had left him in the rear. This point was brought out in connection with the fact proved by the defence, that at the exhibition the rider of the running mate, under instructions from Mr. Doble, had kept the horse several lengths behind the Maid, so as not to urge her to her best speed, and had refused to close the gap when ordered by a judge, who claimed authority to do so; for under the rules of the National Associations the judges have the power of despots over the horses and all the men connected with them in a race.

RAPIER.

THE Royal Buckhounds met a large field on Tuesday at Stoke Common, near Slough, to which junction the London division of the followers of the Queen's came down by the Great Western hunting special from Paddington, and rode to the fixture. Frank Goodall, the Royal huntsman, trotted the pack over from the Ascot kennels in excellent time, having previously sent on a couple of capital deer from the Swinley paddocks. Lord Hardwicke, the noble Master, was absent, but the field included most of the members of the Royal Hunt, the weather being mild, almost springlike, and in marked contrast to that which prevailed at the close of the meet. The first deer selected was turned out in the vicinity of the rendezvous, and afforded a dodging run to Gerard's Cross, where it took refuge in a pond, and remained for over half an hour. Ultimately it was driven out, a sharp chase ensuing as far as Hedgerley, when it was taken in the potting-house of some private grounds, the entire run occupying about an hour and a half. Later on a fresh animal was released from the van with equally unsatisfactory results.

Dramatists



J. Biddin



Leigh Hunt



William Wyndham



J. N. Talfourd



J. Sheridan Knowles

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DRAMA.

NEW SADLER'S WELLS.

MRS. BATEMAN has at last discarded *Rob Roy* (can Mr. Burnand's unkind burlesque have frightened her?), and has revived *The Hunchback*. She has, moreover, strengthened her company by the engagement of that admirable actor, Mr. Charles Kelly, while Miss Isabel Bateman and Miss Virginia Francis also appear in Sheridan Knowles's play. *The Hunchback* has, of course, passed beyond the domain of criticism, though modern audiences will hardly agree with the enthusiastic verdict of the critic who declared that the author triumphed with ease over all the dramatists of his day. A sounder judgment set him down as very "florid and gaudy" in style, and condemned him for a superabundance of "conceits and affected metaphors," and certainly a great deal of *The Hunchback* strikes us in these days as intolerable fustian. The representation was a fairly adequate one. Mr. Charles Kelly played Master Walter soundly and solidly, though we might with advantage have had more passion, and the actor seemed afraid, as the saying runs, of letting himself go. Mr. Walter Bentley was a respectable Sir Thomas Clifford, Mr. Wyndham commendable as Modus, while Mr. Redwood deserves a word of special praise for his careful elocution in the small part of Heartwell. Miss Isabel Bateman enacted Julia, and Miss Virginia Francis played brightly and pleasantly as Helen, being very successful in the bantering speech to her sister, in which she compares Sir Thomas Clifford, who is approaching them, to "a very clerk." The play was well mounted, some of the scenery being very effective, and was listened to with much attention by an appreciative audience. Mrs. Bateman will, we believe, put up *The Stranger* next week, and then we are to have *Leah*, with Miss Bateman (Mrs. Crowe) in her famous original character, which should draw large audiences. It is clear that the manageress of New Sadler's Wells is determined to give her patrons plenty of variety.

FOLLY THEATRE.

MR. TOOLE, who has at last enrolled himself among London managers and taken a theatre of his own, opened the Folly on Monday night, when a large audience welcomed the popular comedian in his new home. He has brightened and redecorated the theatre, which is now a comfortable playhouse, and has supplied new scenery and extra seats in various parts of the building. No novelty was produced on the first night, but Mr. Byron's *A Fool and His Money*, with our old friend "Chawles," proved sufficient to stir the audience to abundant laughter. The piece should be called a farce rather than a comedy, but it affords Mr. Toole ample scope for the exhibition of his peculiar humour, while Mr. Byron's dialogue is as amusing as ever. We cannot say that Mr. Toole was well supported, indeed his company, though it might be all very well for the provinces, needs to be considerably strengthened before it comes up to the standard of the best theatres at the West-end, and we counsel him to look out for recruits of both sexes as soon as possible. After the comedy Mr. Toole said a few words to the audience, thanking them for their reception of him, and telling them that he proposed shortly to produce a new comedy by Mr. Byron, bearing the promising title of *The Upper Crust*. The well-known farce of *Ici on Parle Français* followed, in which Mr. Toole played Spriggins, a character he has enacted some four thousand times; while Mr. Billington resumed his original part of Victor Dubois, and other characters were sustained by Mr. Westland and Miles. Thorne and Cavalier. At a morning performance this afternoon the programme will consist of *The Maid with the Milking Pail*, *Our Clerks*, and *Domestic Economy*. Mr. Toole was very warmly received, and we cordially echo the good wishes which were expressed on all sides for the success of his new venture.

CONNAUGHT THEATRE.

To judge from the reception of the opera at the Connaught Theatre, M. Lecocq's *La Fille de Mme. Angot* has not yet exhausted its popularity. There is still, indeed, considerable vitality in the work, familiar as the melodious airs must surely be to all but a minute fraction of the audience; and it may be admitted that the present exponents of the work are well able to bring out its agreeable features. Mlle. Cornélie D'Anka has played Mlle. Lange in many theatres for several years past; and in Miss Amy Grundy is found a Clairette with much grace and freshness, but at the same time with evident experience of the stage. Miss Grundy, if we are not mistaken, has very creditably filled small parts in Gaiety pieces, and she has ability as a musician. Mr. Woodfield is an efficient Ange Pitou; M. Felix Bury—for many hundred nights a *gendarme* in the service of the Philharmonic Theatre, appointed to track Genevieve de Brabant—is a skilful Pomponnet; and as Larivaudière, Mr. Rosenthal, whose experience and ability make his services of much value to an opera company of this calibre, plays with his accustomed success. Mr. Wyatt does well with the part of Trenitz, and care has been taken with the *ensemble*. The ballet of *Lotus Land* follows, and the present bill promises to fill the time satisfactorily till novelties are ready for production.

SURREY THEATRE.

"What has once pleased will always please," is surely the argument of the writer of a melodrama, so little does one production of this kind vary from another, and so he sets to work and pulls out the old stock puppets: the robust hero, accused of crimes which he has never committed; the much enduring wife or sweetheart who shares the hero's troubles; the elderly uncle or clergyman who is the *Deus ex machina* of the play; the villain who remains a villain unto the end; the villain who remains one only long enough to serve the purpose of the drama and show the fallibility of the proverb respecting honour among thieves; the pair of pretty, but usually uninteresting, lovers, and the precocious child. Different words he may put into their mouths, different surroundings and sensation scenes he may find for them to move in, but the puppets are still the same. In *Queen's Evidence*, originally produced at the Grecian Theatre, from whence it migrated to the Surrey and Princess's Theatres, we meet with our old familiar friends the puppets; but if Messrs. Pettitt and Conquest dish up well-known strong meats for their guests, they at least flavour them with some novel and piquant sauces. Their hero is a clerk in a railway booking-office, who, by the villainy of a colleague, is made the innocent instrument for passing off spurious coin, whilst his wife is made to appear unfaithful in his eyes, through an epistolary episode which, for originality, has not its equal on the stage; and, moreover, whilst temporarily deprived of sight, through the discharge of a gun, she is led to walk into a lock, one of its gate being opened as she passes across it by the villains of the play. Of course in the end the wife's innocence is proved, and when the hero leaves the stage it is without a stain upon his character.

At the Surrey the hero is played with much manliness by Mr. A. C. Lilly, and his wife, with some feeling, by Miss Annie Bentley. Mr. James Fawn, as the funny villain, produced considerable laughter by his get-up as a gentleman from

the East-end, while Mr. T. W. Ford, as the more thoroughly-paced villain, was greeted with such a storm of hissing and hooting as would have contented the heart of the most theatrical ruffian. Mr. Forrest played the part of a Judge, "and a good judge, too," very fairly. The piece was well mounted, and the sensation scene, where the blind woman walks into the lock, was received with loud applause.

The Grasshopper has now taken the place of *Daisy Farm* at the Gaiety.

HENGLEY's popular circus opens on the 29th of this month, and will no doubt be as attractive as ever.

Ours will be revived at the Prince of Wales's this evening, when Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft will re-appear.

A PLAY by the authors of *Ready Money* *Martiboy* will be the next novelty at the Olympic, when the present manager and company have departed.

H.M.S. *Pinafore* will be performed by children at Christmas at the Opera Comique, the youngster who plays the midshipmite taking the part of the admiral.

Locked Out, a farce by Mr. Howard Paul, now precedes *Drink* at the Princess's. It is not remarkable for refinement, and Mr. Paul's acting somewhat accentuates the vulgarity.

Just Like a Woman, a new play by Mr. Dubourg, will be produced at a *matinée* at the Gaiety this afternoon. The principal characters will be sustained by Mr. Charles Kelly, Miss Louise Willes, and Miss Measor, who makes her first appearance in London.

TURFIANA.

THE repertoire of stallions at Mentmore, albeit rich and varied enough, and thoroughly in keeping with the prestige and traditions associated with the Palace of the Vale, contains none of the old blood which made Crafston so famous in a day when the cry of "the Baron wins" roused the echoes on every down, moor, and wold sacred to turf history. But it is through no fault of its present possessor that that the old order of things has given place to the new, and that other Sultans of the Stud reign in the place of King Tom and his descendants, Restitution and Favonius. The first in green old age, the second in the prime of life, and the last-named while still in the flower of his youthful days, were cut off unreluctingly, one after the other, and strangers now reign in their stead, but of such high lineage and achievements as to make the old place worthy of its former high repute as a nursery of thoroughbreds. Verily *non civis homini* belongs the Corinthian privilege of being able to command the services, if not to boast the actual possession, of three winners of the Derby, of which two have already made their mark as fathers of our racing kings and queens, and the third only waits his opportunity for similar distinction. Macaroni was, by common consent, voted a dear bargain when he fell to the nod of the Rothschild commissioner at Cobham for over £7,000 a few years ago, and yet he has brought double that sum into the exchequer since he took up his abode in the Vale of Aylesbury; and if we may venture an opinion upon such an uncertain article as horseflesh, the tight and gallant bay looks like emulating the years of patriarchs of the English stud. Always a great public favourite, Macaroni has invariably shown a bold front among winning stallions at the close of each season; and it seems highly improbable that the price obtained for Maximilian as a yearling will be equalled, at least, in this generation of turfites. Always a sure foal getter, breeders, both for public sale and private use, have paid down their hundred guineas contentedly enough, assured of almost certain return for their money in the shape of foals, nearly all of which have proved their ability, in trainer's parlance, to "run a bit," while the majority have developed into substantial bread-winners to their stables. No horse bears his burden of years more lightly than the last of the Sweetmeats, and Markham may well point with pride to the hard and healthy condition of his charge as he wheels his box around or shows off his paces in the yard, full of life and spirit, and gloriously rough and ragged in his winter coat. For higher polish and lustier condition we must wait until the withdrawal of bolts and bars in the next box reveals to us the "foreigner of distinction," before whom the flower of English equine chivalry sang so pitifully small in "Kisber's year," the conqueror of Springfield in his two-year-old days, and one of the sturdiest champions that ever won his spurs over the time-honoured track for more than a century past the battleground of giants. Some critics there were who voted Kisber a coarse horse on the Derby day, but for so big a horse he has quality galore, and we can trace in him a family likeness to Wild Oats, though he is thicker throughout, and far more strongly coupled than the towering denizen of the snug corner box at Cobham. His back and loins are models of well-knit, massive strength and compactness; hence he moves sharply and smartly, contrasting favourably with too many of the sixteen-pace fraternity, whose movements are often characterised by a lack of strength "upstairs." Kisber's shoulders are exceptionally powerful, yet without any suspicion of straightness or loading, and the mortising of his neck into the shoulders is perfection, and he is altogether as fine topped a horse as ever gladdened the eye of a *connoisseur*. He is a marvel, too, for bone below, though perhaps not so perfectly shaped and fashioned in this department as above, and his Derby preparation was a masterpiece of the trainer's art, and only to be appreciated by those who knew the difficulties to be encountered and the anxieties to be undergone. His St. Leger defeat doubtless took a large slice off his chance of popularity as a sire; added to which he was slow in the processes of letting down and furnishing into a stallion, often the case with big horses, whose growth it naturally slower than with contemporaries of the compact and made-up order. For mares with a tendency to shortness and lightness we can conceive no more admirable corrective than this representative of the Ion blood, and though Birdecatcher mares must be barred by all save the most daring experimentalists in in-breeding, there is still a large leaven in the Stud Book with which Kisber may be profitably allied. Lord Lyon has been a wanderer, North and South, in his day, but he is not likely to play the part of the illustrious exile again, and may now be reckoned as a fixture at Mentmore. In spite of an infirmity which would have made life an intolerable burden to less enduring spirits, the white-legged Derby hero of 1866 still bears up bravely, and as all his mares are in foal, we may look forward, not without confidence, to a repetition at no distant date of the times when Placida and others made him all the rage. Couronne de Fer and Controversy are occupants of the boxes in the paddocks where Restitution and North Lincoln lived and loved in days gone by; and about thirty mares make up the Mentmore complement, a goodly proportion of foals testifying to their merits as nursing mothers. Among them there are still some of the good old sort remaining, and it is almost needless to add that the same experienced eye is still over the treasures of the stud, which we trust may bring forth fruits as excellent and acceptable to the new master as to the old, whose memory is still green in the land.

Shrewsbury may be said to have made a good ending to an

indifferent beginning, but still there was a marked lack of that spirit and interest with which meetings at the capital of the proud Salopians were wont to be identified. That the fault does not entirely lie at the door of the present management is abundantly clear from failures in other quarters formerly laying claim to higher rank than at present; and, of course, a good deal must be referred to the temporary lack of interest in racing, engendered by want of the ways and means among former supporters. La Duquesa won the Selling Hunters' Flat Race from Chester and Duplex; and Simple upset a hot favourite in Edith Plantagenet for the Wrekin Hurdle Race, but neither contest brought out any leading cross-country talent, and it is evident that the illegitimate business will require a deal of bolstering up in order to sustain its prestige during the coming steeple-chase season. The Castle Selling Plate fell an easy prey to Cairngorm, and the manner in which he polished off Elsham Lad and Oracle impressed Humphreys to an extent sufficient for him to bid up to 310 guineas for his possession. Good long odds were obtainable against Batty for the Column Welter Handicap, for which Elf King was disgracefully beaten, and again Sir J. Astley's colours were carried to victory in the Caldecot Nursery by Albany, who upset a better favourite in New Court. Nine did battle for the Shrewsbury Cup, for which Breadfinder started favourite, but Lord Hastings's unlucky filly found her master in Rhidorroch, while Vivandiere was third, and thus Lord Rosebery has got a good race out of one of his most recent purchases, who should prove a valuable trial horse for the Russley stable. None of the favourites had a chance with Mr. Crawford's Lancet colt in the Whitehall Nursery; and Monk upset the Star and Garter pot in the County Members' Plate, proceedings being brought to a close by a walk over by Master Kildare for the Severn Cup.

Derby was the next place on circuit for the opening of the racing commission, and the sport, if not of so pretentious a character, went merrier than at Shrewsbury, the requisite "padding" being found in timber-topping and hunters' races. Triermain beat Cellarer and Red Cross Knight in the Beaudesert Welter Plate; and out of eleven runners for the Chesterfield Nursery Moonstone proved the best investment, while an unnamed gelding by Raunds was equal to the task of defeating Gerona and Tendril for the Radbourne Hunters' Plate. Too Late beat Castle Blair, Ariel, and eleven others in the Litchurch Plate; and in the Derby Cup that old sinner Macadam brought Fiddlesdring to grief, greatly to the dismay of the Archerites, who had reckoned on "real jam," and not without good reason. Merry England again proved himself a good horse in the Hunters' Plate, and both he and Wentworth are products of the old Glasgow Stud, from which, oddly enough, Mr. Waring culled the dams of each at the sale last autumn. The ball was kept rolling satisfactorily on the succeeding day, when The Ace appropriately scored in the Selling Hunters' Flat Race; and Mollusca disposed of Miss Palmer and Chevernel in the Allestree Plate, Lord Rosebery's colt once more putting his backers into the hole. For the Licensed Victuallers' Selling Plate, Laurier was all the go, but he failed even to catch the judge's eye, which gave Giantess colt, Gazette, and Peerage in the order of coming in, and the winner fell to Sir J. Astley's bid for 155 guineas. By way of recouping himself the Lincolnshire baronet backed Linden for the Chatsworth Plate, which she won cleverly from Lady Blanche and Sutler, with Rosy Cross next; but plungers who laid 4 to 1 on Espada to cover their losses during the meeting came to signal grief, for she could not act on the slippery ground, and Prince Eugene, one of Mr. Eykes's chickens, came away and won as he liked, to the great delight of the Ring.

There has been a grand scramble for places among clerks of courses desirous of making the most of the penultimate week of the racing season; the consequence being a clashing of Warwick with Manchester and of the latter place with Kempton Park. Five days racing in November seems a "parlous" venture, even with a clear course, but with adversaries to hamper movements both at start and finish, the undertaking must be doubly perilous, and the authorities ought to be aware that nothing spoils by crowding more than racing. However, with about 150 horses on the spot, quantity was bound to be well represented, and accordingly eleven stripped for the Lancaster Nursery Handicap, three outsiders in Lindrick, Bluebeard, and Selred having the finish to themselves. In the Rous Selling Stokes, Cairngorm, by his defeat of Labrador and Don Juan, partly recouped Humphreys for his recent purchase, and was bought in for 300 guineas; and again outsiders were to the fore in the Flying Welter Handicap, La Fiancee and Miss Whiting, neither backed for a shilling, finishing in front of the more fancied Dunkenny. In a Mile Selling Stakes, Bishop Burtor was for once unequal to the task of carrying Archer to victory, Winnie having the best of him at all points; and there was another turn up in the Welter Handicap, when Storm had to strike his flag to Sunnybrae, the latter starting at very forlorn odds, of which but few were found bold enough to avail themselves. But worse remained behind, for it did seem good business to lay 5 to 1 on Master Kildare v. Umbria for the Duchy Cup; and plungers looked unutterable things when the Irishman stuck in the mud, as at Lincoln, and let Mr. Perkins's mare win as she liked. Nor could they succeed in covering their losses by supporting Macadam in the Oldham Hurdle Handicap, the old rogue declining to try, as usual, and allowing Tiber and Serape to finish in front of him, thus winding up the most disastrous day for backers it has ever been our lot to chronicle.

Six out of the seven races set for Wednesday at Manchester produced large fields, and the luck of backers took a slight turn for the better. Miss Whiting and Dunkenny were well supported for the Wilton Welter Handicap, and finished first and second, with La Fiancee third; and Cairngorm was only defeated a neck by Wanderer in a Selling Handicap Plate, Ultimatum being the other runner up, but the winner did not change hands. The useful Sunnybrae did Hall's stable another good turn to-day in the Ellesmere Welter Handicap, and this time they did not forget to back her, the result being that she won anyhow from Rosbach and Ellangowan. The Lancashire Cup attracted no less than sixteen to the post, Avontes having a slight call of Lord Clive, while at longer odds Robbie Burns and Briglia found "hosts of friends," and money was laid out to a smaller extent upon some half-score other competitors. The Richmond colt once more showed in right good form, and drawing gradually up he wore down Humbert (in receipt of nearly two stone from Mr. Pickersgill's colt) and Avontes, and finally won a capital race by a neck from Mr. Jardine's outsider, Avontes once more betraying the confidence reposed in him, and it is evident the latter is not the most certain horse in training. For the County Handicap Steeplechase Militant had the largest following, but Controller beat him handsomely; and the Irwell Stakes, reduced to a match between Peerage and Folie, resulted in favour of the first-named. Last of all came the Stamford Nursery Handicap, contested by eleven runners, and voted a good thing for Highness, who, however, never came anigh, Westminster, Dark Palm, and the Success filly being the three placed. Taken altogether, the day's sport was above mediocrity, and at any rate racing may be said to be dying hard, the final rush for hay and corn bills before the curtain falls being something unprecedented.

Thursday, Nov. 26.

SKYLARK.



ACT I. SCENE II.

ACT I. SCENE III.



ACT IV.



ACT II. SCENE III.



ACT III. SCENE II.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

AUSTRALIAN DINGOS.

(To the Editor of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—There is an engraving of an Australian dingo in your paper of the 8th inst., and in the short notice respecting it you state that you "believe is the only living specimen in England." I beg to inform you I am in possession of one, a female, nearly ten months old. I bought her of a fisherman at Great Marlow. He had her made a present to him by one of his "clients."—I am, &c.,

THOMAS HODGSON.

Coniston, Wether-road, Putney, S.W.,
Nov. 15, 1879.

THE TRUE STORY OF "COX AND BOX."

SIR,—Appropos of *Cox and Box*, the "Musical Truismviretta," by Messrs. Maddison Morton, F. C. Burnand, and Arthur Sullivan." Like Hans Briemann I was going to give "a barty," and wanted something original wherewith to entertain my distinguished guests. Walking down Bow-street with Mr. Arthur Sullivan the notion struck me of *Cox and Box*. Why? Because years before I remember having read a suggestion for *Cox and Box* as an Italian opera, made by Albert Smith in *The Man in the Moon*. Certainly within a fortnight the libretto was written (no difficult task), the music composed (no easy one), and the piece learnt and rehearsed by Messrs. Harold Power, Geo. Du Maurier, and Mr. Forster of the "Moray Minstrels," who—and not Mr. Arthur Cecil—was the original Sergeant Bouncer. It was first played at my house in Belgrave-road in the presence of Mr. Sothorn, Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Charles Mathews, and a large gathering of celebrities in the world of literature and art. It was next played at Mr. Arthur Lewis's, Moray Lodge, on one of his "Evenings." There was a rush for it everywhere, and it first appeared in public with Mr. Arthur Cecil as Bouncer, at the Adelphi Theatre for the Bennett Benefit performance given by the *Punch* staff. It was then played for about a hundred nights at the Gallery of Illustration, when Mr. German Reed played Cox, Arthur Cecil, Box, and Fred Sullivan, Bouncer. Such is the true and faithful account of *Cox and Box*; or, *the Long Lost Brothers*. F. C. BURNAND.
64, Russell-square, W.C., November 15th, 1879.

'A FREE STAGE AND NO FAVOUR.

SIR,—Is it not amazing to contemplate how persons supposed to be sensible go mooning on in their hazy notions, preferring the mist to the clear daylight of facts? Have we a drama or have we not? I always thought that we had, and a drama, too, pre-eminent in the annals of modern history. Now, Sir, we have been the envied possessors of this glorious drama for 300 years, and it should, according to the cant of the *dilettanti*, by its moral and educational influence have made us the wisest and most sensitively critical and refined of the nations. But what are the real facts? Do these not entirely upset the theory that the drama is a great moral influence and a teacher? They do, for this marvellous drama of ours has not even been able to monopolise the stage through the centuries. It has alternately been pushed on and pushed off. It has on several occasions been unable to hold its place in public estimation, and been driven from the stage by the merest drivel. Mark this! for this points the moral of the whole subject. To what conclusion, then, do the real facts of the case compel us? Why to this, that the drama, like the other fine arts, is not to any great extent a teacher. The kind of art affected by a people is but the index of the culture of that people; instead of teaching it, is the index of what a people has been taught, of their education and their moral tone. It is easy to understand how the Shakespearean drama was representative in Elizabeth's reign; and the hold that it must have had upon the people. The nation had through the centuries been familiar with civil and religious strife. This strife had not been merely confined to the expression of opposite opinions, it had been pushed to the arbitrament of blood. The traditions of these national dramas were fresh in the people's memory. The nation had long been in earnest, and frivolity was at a discount. How different to the England of to-day, whose uninterrupted home-peace and immense wealth have led her sons to imagine that her state can never be otherwise, and that, therefore, they have no occasion to trouble their heads more than is just sufficiently necessary to glide over the surface of things, to take anything seriously to heart. It is sufficient for them to puff gossamer into the air, and cry, "Vive la bagatelle!"

And this brings me to another important truth which is lost sight of in this discussion concerning a national theatre, viz., that the knowing what is right, does not necessarily involve the doing of what is right, either individually or collectively. The English have, in the main, known what is right and wrong, for, let us say, at least five hundred years; nevertheless, they have not shown a persistent adherence, through those ages, to the right, either socially or politically. And if from time to time they have seen this likeness truly mirrored upon the stage, they have more than once or twice turned from it and straightway forgotten what manner of men they were.

We cannot make a moral stage, or a moral drama, by mere enactments, by state aid, by censorship, or by "goody goody" supervision. It is to education, to the general tone of thought of the country, that we must look for the dramatic reforms which the select few would desire. It is upon the earnest rectitude and right thinking of a people that all good things in art await.

And when we talk about a National Theatre, it should be recollected that the true actor, like the true poet, is born, not made. This is an important fact, which is too often lost sight of in the grand *dilettanti* projects of impracticable art reforms. Art schools of any kind can only teach the mechanism of an art: they cannot make the artist. Schools can only train respectable mechanics, as a rule. But it is also true that they can polish genius, which, without such training, would be incomplete. Now, the dramatic profession, of all the professions, is the only one which has neither a guild nor a school. These *desiderata*, then are the two essentials wanting, as far as the profession is concerned, and these could be presently supplied if some of the distinguished members of the profession would set themselves resolutely to the work. To obtain a healthy public opinion is a more difficult task, we must leave education to accomplish that. These three things being given, a National Theatre would rise, on such solid foundations, as a matter of course.—I am, &c.,

W. CAVE THOMAS.

53, Welbeck-street, W., Nov. 1879.

It is announced that the subscription-list for the first issue of shares, at par, in the Estates and Buildings Improvement and Investment Association (Limited), will be closed on the 28th inst. for London, and the following day for the country.

HER MAJESTY has been graciously pleased to intimate, through Lieut.-General Ponsonby, her approval and acceptance of a copy of Mr. Streeter's new work on *Precious Stones and Gems*.

POULTRY AND PIGEON SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON Monday the nave of the Crystal Palace was given up to cages and pens, which, arranged in long rows and ranks, entirely blocked up the place, and very little could be heard but the crowing of an army of chattering a thousand strong, the shrill treble of the perky little bantam, mingling with the gruff bass of the gigantic Cochins. More than four thousand birds were exhibited, and amongst the prizes offered there were no fewer than eighty-four silver cups, besides £1,500 in money. The work of judging this great collection of fowls, ducks, pigeons, &c., was a task of considerable magnitude, especially as in some of the classes close upon a hundred had been entered and although the gentlemen undertaking the duties divided their work judiciously they could barely finish in time for the advertised closing of the show.

The five gentlemen selected to judge the poultry—Messrs. J. Dixon, E. Hewitt, J. H. Smith, R. Terbay, and W. B. Tegetmeier—had an average of 530 birds each to look over. Six gentlemen, M. F. Esquilant, Captain Norman Hill, Mr. P. H. Jones, Mr. John Percival, Mr. Matthew Stuart, and Mr. Wiltshire, who selected the prizes in the pigeon classes, had close upon fifteen hundred of those birds to deal with between them. In the section devoted to Poultry, Mr. H. Lingwood, Needham Market, Suffolk, gained four prizes for Brahmas, including two silver cups and one first. Mr. R. P. Percival's name was again to the front in the division devoted to light Brahmas. The other successful exhibitors in this department of the show were Mr. L. C. C. R. Norris, Mr. T. S. Clarke, Mrs. M. A. Hayne (Dorchester), Mr. T. Bennett, Mr. W. Mead, Mr. G. H. Wood, Mr. H. Statton, Ford-Davenport, Mr. A. Bigg, and Miss E. Shuter. But a limited number of the shapely Spanish breed had put in an appearance; the quality of those sent was, however, unquestionable. Mr. E. Jones (Bristol) and Mr. J. Woods respectively were first for cocks and hens; the latter, however, was deservedly also awarded the silver cup offered for the best pullet. A similar honour for the best cockerel goes to Jersey Island, the winner being Mr. P. F. Le Seur. Of game fowls there was a magnificent collection. Amongst the winners were the Hon. and Rev. F. Dutton, who was first amongst the black and reds; Mr. W. J. Pope, of Biggleswade, amongst the cockerels of the same colour. The cup given for brown and red cocks fell to Mr. R. Garnett, of Wyreside; while Mr. W. A. F. Fenwick, Kirkley, holds front rank in the younger class. The names of Mr. G. H. Fitzherbert, Mr. S. Matthew, and Mr. D. Harley also appear in the prize list. The long-necked Malays and showy-looking Polish fowls made an excellent display, the chief winners in the former being Mr. J. Mercer and G. Burnell, whilst in the latter Mr. J. Partington, Mr. T. Tweedale, Mr. E. Burrell, Mr. G. C. Adkins, Mr. A. Smith, Mr. H. E. Broad, and Mr. P. U. Smith all took first prizes in different classes. Leghorns and Andalusians and Sultans were well represented, the leading honours amongst these fancy breeds being taken by Mr. T. W. Richardson, Gateshead; Mr. Troughton, of Montgomeryshire; Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Cheltenham; Mr. E. Burton; Mr. C. Atkinson, Leeds; and Mr. C. Egles, Box.

The display of pigeons, both in point of numbers and quality, was remarkable. The pouters stood first on the list, and of these favourite pigeons there were a dozen classes, each well filled. Mr. R. Fulton, the well-known Brockley breeder, and Mr. H. R. Tenney, of Springbank, Hull, entered into friendly rivalry for supremacy in this division, both being large exhibitors. The cup for black-pied pouters fell to Mr. J. Hairsine, that for any coloured birds to Mr. Fulton, and that for pied pouters to Mr. J. T. Holmes. Chief in interest, however, especially at the present moment, when the question of more extensively utilising pigeons as messengers is being so freely discussed, were the carriers, of which breed one hundred and sixty-four had been sent in. The following gentlemen were the chief prize-takers in the different colour classes:—Mr. R. Fulton, three cups, one first, two second, and two third; Mr. H. Stephens, of Tunbridge Wells, a cup, two firsts, three seconds, and a third; Dr. G. F. Jones, Southend, a cup, a first, a second, and a third; Mr. H. M. Maynard, Isle of Wight, a cup, a first, and a second. Mr. J. Dye, Mr. H. Heritage, and Mr. G. Kempton also took cups. There was a good show of dragons, Mr. W. Bishop, Mr. A. Leith, Mr. G. Flannagan, Mr. C. Howard, and Mr. R. Woods being the chief prize-takers. A capital lot of tumblers, barbs, and jacobins were present, but the winners were not posted at the time we left. Mr. J. Taylor and Mr. W. Stevenson came to the front in the fantail class, Mr. J. H. Hutchinson amongst the trumpeters, whilst Mr. S. Salter, of Egrove, and Mr. J. Lister, of Keighley, carried off the majority of prizes in the classes for owls. Mr. C. A. Crafer, East Molesey; Mr. T. C. Burnell, and Messrs. H. and G. Heading were to the front in the turbit division, whilst amongst the magpies the name of F. P. Billey occurs many times in the list of awards. An especially interesting class brings the list to a close. This consists of a series of prizes for birds (homing Antwerps) to be first judged in their pens, and the winners (for quality) duly marked with a stamp.

THE patronal fête day of the King of the Belgians was celebrated on Saturday at Brussels with the usual ceremonial.

THE provisional title of Mr. Sardou's new five-act comedy intended for the Français is *Daniel Rochat*. The scene is laid at Geneva, in the Anglo-American colony, and turns on the love of a hero who is an Atheist and a heroine who is a Protestant. The author, it may be noted, has only once before appeared at the Théâtre Française, and then against his will. In 1872, at the pressing instance of the late Mr. Fould—insistence that amounted to positive commands—he produced in the Rue de Richelieu a three-act farce, *La Papillonne*, written by him for one of the minor theatres. The piece, which has been of late adapted into English, was successful in its way; but nobody was satisfied, and not until Mr. Sardou was elected a member of the Academy was there a question of another play from him for the Théâtre Français.

ONE of these suburban villas of Paris struck me with pleasant surprise. It belonged to Mme. St. Léon, who, as Mlle. Cerrito, was one of the most fascinating dancers that ever adorned the grand era of the Terpsichorean stage. Nearly forty years ago Thomas Ingoldsby, describing the memorable Tamburini and Coletti émeute at Her Majesty's wrote:—

Mademoiselle Cherrytoos
Shook to her very toes;
She couldn't hop on, so hopped off
On her merry toes.

And she still loves Old England, this once charming *danseuse*; this still charming old lady. "You are an Englishman," she said, "and I love England and the English." It is consoling to think that three of the great queens of dance still live, enjoying a green old age. There is Duvernay down in Norfolk, loved and respected by a wide circle of friends, as Mrs. Lane Stephens; Taglioni in London, as Mme. la Comtesse Gilbert des Voisins; and Cerrito, as Mme. St. Léon, in Paris.—*Paris Herself Again*.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

DERBY MEETING.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14.

THE BEAUDESERT WELTER PLATE.—Marquis Talon's Triumvir (Fagan), 1; Cellarer, 2; Red Cross Knight, 3. 5 ran.
THE CHESTERFIELD NURSERY PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Moonstone (Barker), 1; Magdalene, 2; Gravity, 3. 11 ran.
THE RADBOURNE HUNTERS' STEEPLECHASE PLATE.—Mr. W. Mytton's Archim gelding (Owner), 1; Gerona, 2. 5 ran.
THE LITCHURCH SELLING PLATE.—Mr. W. Gregory's Too Late (Gallon), 1; Castle Blair, 2; Ariel, 3. 11 ran.
THE DERBY CUP.—Mr. Hunter's Macadam (J. E. Jones), 1; Fiddlestring, 2; Chevrolat, 3. 8 ran.
A HUNTERS' PLATE.—Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Merry England (Mr. W. Lowe), 1; Crambo, 2; Lady Christiana, 3. 8 ran.

SATURDAY.

A SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Captain Hammond's The Ace (Mr. Hanbury), 1; Ladybird, 2; Just in Time, 3. 4 ran.
THE ALLESTREE PLATE.—Mr. Corder's Mollusca (J. E. Jones), 1; Miss Palmer, 2; Chevrolat, 3. 7 ran.
THE BELPER HANDICAP HURDLE RACE was declared void.
THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. F. Leleu's Giantess filly (Lemaire), 1; Gazette, 2; Peerage, 3. 7 ran.
THE CHATSWORTH PLATE.—Sir J. D. Astley's Linden (Greaves), 1; Lady Blanche, 2; Sully, 3. 8 ran.
THE FRIARY NURSERY PLATE.—Mr. Cameron's Prince Eugene (Gallon), 1; Espada, 2. 2 ran.

WARWICK MEETING.

MONDAY.

THE TALLY-HO HURDLE RACE.—Mr. J. Holman's Stitch of Canvas (Owner), 1; Sir Francis, 2; Lady Shrewsbury, 3. 5 ran.
SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. F. Grettton's Red Hazard (T. Cannon), 1; Red Cross Knight, 2; Little Duck, 3. 5 ran.
THE SPA NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. W. Gregory's Espada (Barker), 1; Essayez, 2; Vespasia, 3. 7 ran.
THE HUNT CUP STEEPLECHASE.—Lord Aylesford's Fay (J. Cannon), 1; Milton, 2; Mercia, 3. 10 ran.
SELLING TWO-YR-OLD PLATE.—Mr. E. Weever's Maud (Glover), 1; Cobden, 2; Ardblair, 3. 8 ran.
THE GUY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. F. Grettton's Rosalind (T. Cannon), 1; The Squeaker, 2; Plaisante, 3. 10 ran.

TUESDAY.

THE WARWICK HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. G. Ingram's Gipsy (J. Jarvis), 1; Sensation, 2; Boyne Water, 3. 5 ran.
THE BUDBROOK HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. P. Price's Lyric (H. Barker), 1; Instantly, 2; Heima, 3. 7 ran.
THE EMSCOTE PLATE.—Mr. W. Gregory's Maud (Barker), 1; Red Hazard, 2; Lady Dixie, 3. 5 ran.
THE MAIDEN HURDLE PLATE.—Mr. T. Steven's Fanny Guy (H. Davis), 1; Moonraker, 2; Ascanius, 3. 10 ran.
THE MIDLAND COUNTIES HANDICAP.—Mr. Paris's Stitchery (C. Wood), 1; Calabria, 2; Elf King, 3. 7 ran.
A SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Sir G. Chetwynd's Alice Maud (C. Wood), 1; Lord Sidmouth, 2; Nicotia, 3. 6 ran.
THE HUNTERS' OPTIONAL SELLING PLATE.—Duke of Montrose's Central Fire (Mr. H. Owen), 1; The Ace, 2; Cicero, 3. 8 ran.
THE GRENDALE NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. E. Walker's Frivola (C. Wood), 1; Carnifex, 2; Antycera, 3. 10 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

MATCH FOR £100.—Mr. Wheldon's Polly (J. Rudd), 1; Miner, 2.
LEAMINGTON GRAND ANNUAL STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. Brocklehurst's Collegian (J. Jewitt), 1; Chimney Sweep, 2. 2 ran.
CASTLE HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. F. Lytham's Post Haste (Owner), 1; High Priest, 2; Sailor, 3. 3 ran.
SELLING HURDLE RACE.—Mr. H. Owen's Lantern Fly (J. Jones), 1; Oakeley, 2; Caper, 3. 9 ran.
THE STURLEY NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Wm. Parson's May Queen (Lemaire), 1; Carnifex, 2; Bell Metal, 3. 10 ran.
INKKERS' SELLING WELTER PLATE.—Mr. W. Brown's Lord Sidmouth (Lemaire), 1; Oracle, 2; Sign Manual, 3. 9 ran.
SELLING HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Captain Hammond's The Ace (Mr. Hanbury), 1; Redskin, 2; Cicero, 3. 4 ran.
THE WARWICK AUTUMN WELTER CUP.—Mr. Brown's Calabria (Lemaire), 1; Squeaker, 2; Speculator, 3. 6 ran.
THE GREAT WARWICKSHIRE HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. H. Woolcott's Empire (Mr. H. Owen), 1; Maryland, 2; Sir Francis, 3. 5 ran.

MANCHESTER MEETING.

TUESDAY.

THE LANCASTER NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Whittaker's Lindrick (J. E. Jones), 1; Blue Beard, 2; Selred, 3. 11 ran.
THE ROUS SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. R. Humphrey's Cairngorm (F. Archer), 1; Labrador, 2; Don Juan, 3. 9 ran.
THE LYBING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Captain Archdale's La Fiancee (J. Macdonald), 1; Miss Whiting, 2; Dunkenny, 3. 10 ran.
A MILE SELLING STAKES.—Mr. J. Steinhause's Winnie (Snowden), 1; Bishop Burton, 2; Charlemagne, 3. 10 ran.
A WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Hall's Sunnybrae (J. E. Jones), 1; Storm, 2; Heather, 3. 10 ran.
THE NOVEMBER CUP.—Mr. Perkins's Umbria (Snowden), 1; Master Kildare, 2. 2 ran.
THE OLDHAM HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. W. R. Marshall's Tiber (Kilby, Serape, 2; Macadam, 3. 6 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

THE WILTON WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. H. Shaw's Miss Whiting (Luke), 1; Dunkenny, 2; La Fiancee, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Brodie's Wanderer (Bruckshaw), 1; Cairngorm, 2; Ultimatum, 3. 9 ran.
THE ELLESMERE WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. H. Hall's Sunnybrae (J. E. Jones), 1; Rosbach, 2; Ellangowan, 3. 7 ran.
THE LANCASTER CUP.—Mr. Pickersgill's Robbie Burns (Snowden), 1; Humbert, 2; Avontes, 3. 16 ran.
THE COUNTY HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.—Mr. W. Brophy's Controller (Meaney), 1; Militant, 2; Yellow Gown, 3. 5 ran.
THE IRWELL STAKES.—Mr. Devereux's Peerage (J. E. Jones), 1; Folie, 2. 2 ran.
THE STAMFORD NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. A. M'Intyre's Westminster (Kellet), 1; Dark Palm, 2; Success filly, 3. 11 ran.

THURSDAY.

THE COPLAND NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. Well's Dark Palm (Luke), 1; Buschlepper, 2; Waveney, 3. 4 ran.
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. Burton's Charlemagne (Hopkins), 1; Lucretia colt, 2; Beauregard, 3. 9 ran.
THE SELLING WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Corder's Mollusca (Hopkins), 1; Mocassin, 2; Bute II., 3. 11 ran.
THE EQLINTON NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. J. Whittaker's Lindrick (J. E. Jones), 1; Fulrow Deer, 2; Princess Bladud, 3. 6 ran.
THE SALFORD WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. M. Raine's Miss Palmer (Bell), 1; Jollification, 2; Labrador, 3. 6 ran.
THE BUCKLEY SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Devereux's Hematite (J. E. Jones), 1; Lancet colt, 2; Queen Esther filly, 3. 6 ran.
THE OPEN HUNTERS' FLAT RACE PLATE.—Mr. G. B. Hay's Montauban (Captain Middleton), 1; Lady Christiana, 2; Zitta, 3. 3 ran.

KEMPTON PARK RACES.

THURSDAY.

THE PARK HURDLE HANDICAP.—Mr. Case-Walker's Bugle March (J. Adams), 1; Gunnersbury, 2; Edith Plantagenet, 3. 6 ran.
THE KEMPTON NURSERY HANDICAP.—Mr. T. Featherstonhaugh's War Horn (C. Wood), 1; Minnie Hawk, 2; Beauchamp II., 3. 12 ran.
THE THAMES SELLING STAKES.—Mr. T. Cannon's Quickstep (Owner), 1; Elsham Lad, 2; Bowness, 3. 13 ran.
THE MIDDLESEX SELLING PLATE.—Mr. Quartermaine-East's Goody Two Shoes (Tinsley), 1; Fortitude, 2; Misenus, 3. 8 ran.
THE GARRICK TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATE.—Lord Calthorpe's Hypatia (F. Archer), 1; Lector, 2; Mantlet, 3. 8 ran.
THE TWICKENHAM SELLING NURSERY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. T. Cannon's Crash (Lemaire), 1; Giantess filly, 2; Merry Fly, 3. 12 ran.
THE HALLFORD WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. J. Sanders's Lady Blanche (J. Jones), 1; Saltier, 2; Delagoa, 3. 9 ran.

FOREIGN RACING INTELLIGENCE.

AUTEUIL STEEPLECHASE AUTUMN MEETING.

SUNDAY.

PRIX DE MONTRETOUT.—M. Balensi's Nageur (Summers), 1; Le Sphinx, 2; Aquilon, 3. 4 ran.
PRIX DE LA CHESTINIERE.—M. Balensi's Rose de Mal (Summers), 1; Honrada, 2; Restore, 3. 8 ran.
PRIX DE LA PORTE MAILLOT.—M. Blanc's Lanterne (Rowell), 1; Andrea, 2; Linda, 3. 6 ran.
PRIX DE VINCENNES.—Mr. Macksey's Kapural (Goddard), 1; Equateur, 2; Lusigon, 3. 9 ran.

CROYDON RACES.—The South-Eastern Railway have made special arrangements for providing for the extra traffic anticipated by running special fast trains to Woodside on each day of the above races. See advertisement columns.

The London Brighton and South Coast Railway have made arrangements for running special cheap trains to the Croydon Steeplechase via Norwood Junction. Full particulars will be found in our advertising columns.



THE MOURNING MUSE.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

At last Mr. J. L. Toole, the monarch of the provinces, has taken a theatre and settled down in London. True, the Folly



Mr J. L. Toole as "Charles"

is a very tiny theatre, and there is not a very ponderous venture in opening it with farces played by a company decidedly of that character one meets with a "star" actor at Toad-in-the-Hole



Mr Frank Toole as "the Bard"

or Swinebury-on-the-Wash, the thriving capital of Hogshire. With reference to Mr. Toole as a great provincial star, it nevertheless is pretty evident that his old Adelphi days with Mr. Webster and Paul Bedford are fresh in the memory of old play-

goers, and that his long engagement at the Gaiety has still a sweetness in the thoughts of the younger ones. On Monday night the cosy little theatre in King William-street opened its doors under the management of Mr. Toole. On the threshold, resplendent in black tie and gloves and evening dress (a sombre effect, probably arranged to counteract the subsequent merriment within), was Mr. Loveday. This vision of "George" as a deputy host, with fresh and smiling countenance, was quite enough to make everyone at home at once. The recent decorations of Japanese paper and gilt bamboo, that Mr. Henderson put up when he was Mandarin at this theatre, are still preserved; but all within the theatre proper is altered, and the place is as comfortable as possible. The upholstery is very comfortable, and the decorations are in good taste. The general effect of the assembled audience was that they were gathered together at an evening party, and were expecting some charades to come off shortly. This effect was greatly heightened presently by their high appreciation of everything as the height of humour. I really think if Mr. Toole had suffered fracture of the skull by the falling of a counter-weight, or had broken his leg by tumbling down a trap-door, one and all would have yelled with laughter at the circumstance as the best thing they had ever seen. Everybody had come to enjoy themselves, including some very austere critics; for was not the author of *A Fool and His Money*—Mr. Byron—doing the nearest thing he could to a facial beam sitting in a side box, and was not Toole playing the renowned Chawles in that very comedy—I mean farce? Every fresh utterance of the Byronic "You're an ass; you're another" style of dialogue met with bursts of laughter, until one began to think that really broad farce might possibly hold its sway again. However, before the end of the evening I imagine many were (as I was) very tired of perpetual guffawing. The utter recklessness of the author in the writing of the piece, and more especially the part of Chawles, exactly suited the utter recklessness of Mr. Toole in acting it. The more serious portions of the piece—which were dabbled in here and there, like currants in a penny bun, judiciously apart—were entrusted to a company utterly inadequate in histrionic ability to raise them into the interest of the audience; indeed, when Mr. Toole was off the stage people generally turned to each other and had a little quiet conversation. This may be the result of the fact that the farce was an old one, and had probably been seen by most present; but it struck me that it was mainly due to two facts—first, that it is eminently a one act starring piece, and secondly, that the company was of a second-rate character. It played until a tolerably late hour, and I, like many others, had made up



my mind to once more see Toole as Spriggins, that splendid pottering creature in *Ici on Parle Français* . Greatly was I disappointed that the good old farce had been cut into pieces and patched together, minus many bright and merry portions of it. Why not, oh! Toole, why not have cut a few things out of a *Fool and His Money*, things that nobody cared about, and only wasted time. We could see them far better acted at any other theatre where one of Mr. Byron's stereotypes might happen to be playing, or could even do without them altogether; but spare us our French before breakfast, and our Spriggins without curtailment or rushing. The rattling little farce lost much of its brightness through the intense hurry there was to get through with it. Mr. Billington, whom I have seen many a time and oft play the Frenchman with great lightness and merriment, was very much pressed for time, and evidently trying to think what portion he was to omit and what part was to be used. Miss Emily Thorne, too, had not sufficient time given her to "go to sleep all over the room." Altogether, it would have been better to have commenced half an hour earlier—say, leaving out the first farce, *A Married Bachelor*—than to curtail Spriggins: that is, provided that the whole of *A Fool and His Money* was necessary. Of course, John's brother, Mr. Frank Toole, was present on the auspicious occasion of his brother opening a London theatre. It was a great evening for Frank, though he did modestly sit at the back of the dress-circle. He is a keen critic of "Johnny's" acting, and this retirement may have been the result of a determination to have an opportunity of watching his brother acting without being disturbed by public gaze and the perpetual hum of "There, that's Toole's brother; that's Frank, you know; surely you have heard of him." I was greatly comforted to find, during the brief conversation I had with Mr. Frank after the performance, that he was perfectly satisfied with it; indeed, to quote his own words, "I have often quarreled with my brother about his acting, and though we are the best friends, still, I am a severe critic of him sometimes; still, I must say I never saw him act better, or with more repose, than to-night." This was very satisfactory indeed, but I must say, my dear Francis, that the idea of J. L. Toole being in repose (repose!) was, to say the least of it, a novelty. There is a suggested character of "the Bard" in *A Fool and His Money*, which acts the part of a sort of Mrs. Harris in "Martin Chuzzlewit," or the dog Tatters in *The Shaughraun*—he is very much talked about but never seen. Now I believe Frank Toole plays "the Bard"; I

wish "Johnny" would let him come on. Oh, no, J. L. Toole may be a very good grotesque and a very excellent farcical actor, but I think he draws the line at "Repose." At the Princess's Theatre, where Coupeau dies successfully every night of terrible and revolting *delirium tremens* in the "ighly moral dramar" of *Drink*, a little piece has been added to the programme, entitled *Locked Out*. It is the work of Mr. Howard Paul, and the chief part is played by the author, and Miss Lettie Lind takes the



role of the little heroine. It is a bright comedietta, and is worth seeing before the more sombre performance of *Drink*. It seems rather an anomaly to have the term *Locked Out* before that of *Drink*. It generally comes after in this world, and is frequently the result of the latter; but that need not interfere with the success of Mr. Howard Paul's little episode. Mr. Warner has noted the part



of Coupeau, and it is now more bearable, though quite as realistic. Mr. William Rignold, who was in his temperance moods and tenses even more boisterous than the man who indulges in mad fits of delirium, has also found it good to make his part somewhat more quiet in word and action; all of which has been conducive of more artistic effect in *Drink*.

THE CHASE IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

SINCE the days when the lord of Berkeley Castle with his retinue of huntsmen in tawny coats claimed and moreover hunted all the country from Berkeley Castle to Berkhamstead, the love of hunting has been innate in the breasts of the men of Hertfordshire. This week the Old Berkeley Foxhounds and the Berkhamstead Buckhounds have claimed my attention, and in both instances the geniality and hearty welcome on behalf of the respective masters on the one hand, and the condition of the hounds and sport afforded upon the other, rendered my visit a real pleasure.

Bob Worrall is too well-known in the hunting world to make it necessary to give a line of eulogy on the sport he shows, or the hounds he has in the kennel to afford it. There is no doubt that "many a fox is killed in the kennel," and I know fewer better instances to exemplify this statement than the home of the old Berkeley hounds, the kennels erected by the popular master, Mr. Longman, being excellent, warmth combined with airiness and cleanliness reigning supreme, whilst every modern appliance for the comfort and right condition of the pack is employed. For cub hunting they have done well, taking into consideration the very late harvest, which made every pack of hounds so behind-hand. Fourteen foxes came to hand in sixteen mornings, and the entry took to business right well; such a crash of music there was at daybreak, when Bob Worrall pounded along with his beauties, and with Mr. Longman as keen as mustard. Essentially a bad scenting country as a rule, owing to shallow soil and horrid flints in some parts, it surprises a vale man to see hounds run as they do. It reminds one of the Craven country in some instances, where poor John Warde hunted so long; and as I look at my picture of this noted and bulky Nimrod on his mare Blue Ruin, with his favourite bitch, Betsy, looking up into his face, I remember his words, handed down to this day, as he was toiling after his flying pack on a good-scenting day—"I hate a fat horse, I hate a fat hound, and, by heavens! I hate a fat man." But John Warde's hounds, though they were very low scented, had no drive about them; so that when they might often have caught their fox, without this great faculty, they repeatedly missed their chance; for once behind a fox in such a country as the Craven, after a sharp burst, the run is virtually over. Now the old Berkeley can race as well as hunt, and that is the reason the hounds can not only show good runs, but account for their fox at the end of them. The bitch pack are as neat as paint, and, as Mr. Jorrocks would say, quite able to make any fox cry, "Pecavi." Oh, for a day in the Braydon country of the V. W. H. with Bob Worrall once more, and his bitch pack, on the same scene where, as huntsman to Sir William Throckmorton, he showed such sport. I was much struck with the novelty of a goat in the kennel, which is beloved by the hounds. This "Nanny" goes whither-soever she lists. On hunting mornings she would go hunting too if she were allowed, and is uneasy all day till they return, and

the huntsman's horn announces their approach. Nanny is a most sporting lady, and the way in which she lives with the hounds, and the etiquette with which they treat her is quite a sight to remember.

For some years this pack has not been advertised, but this season they have recommenced, and all can tell where they have a day's true enjoyment with the yellow plush coats and eighteen couple; and so leaving the kennel we wander amongst the shorthorns, and right well they look. The Duke of Hillhurst, the lord of the harem with his stately "Bates," walk marches-past, and then the cows come up for milking, whilst some beautiful heifers, mostly heavy in calf, troop leisurely by. Such coats! Mr. Longman will have a rare herd; and twenty-eight cows in calf to the Duke! But the sun is setting and trains wait for no one, so tearing myself away, I hasten in the gloaming to the station, and as if for a farewell I hear the hounds' voices as I leave the park, and wish them sport for the morrow.

Who has not heard of Mr. Richard Rawle and the Berkhamstead Stag-hounds? Who, indeed, also does not know him in the flesh? Most Mondays witness his well-known stalwart figure at Albert-gate, and his happy jest and his proverbial character of being "always the same," render him one amongst a thousand. For some years Mr. Rawle kept harriers at Berkhamstead, but what with the number of hares and the incessant changing and ringing over and over again, with probably a large field out, our friend decided to hunt the deer. Born in Devonshire, and therefore well acquainted with the pursuit of the wild red deer, and up in woodcraft to the letter, he was thoroughly fitted for the post of master of stag-hounds; and right well has he carried out for some years the arduous duties of his post. His deer are of the best, and his hounds are all small foxhound bitches, with many a one from the kennel of Mr. Froude Bellew, the master of the Dulverton Foxhounds, "The Squire" of the West, than whom no one is more beloved, or loves hunting better for hunting's sake, and over the wilds of Exmoor he forces many a good fox a way from the neighbouring fastnesses. It is no doubt, then, that with such blood in his kennel Mr. Rawle can show a pack that can race away from the crowd, and, if needs be, put their noses down. What a pattern hound, for instance, is Bribery, when the master is a little bit at fault, and Jack's horse is pumped by chance; down a road, for instance, Bribery sets 'em all right, and away they go again. What did they do, for instance, on the 20th? Turning out as smart as could be, Mr. Rawle on Jack, like a four year old, and Mr. Miles on his grey mare, were simply a sight, whilst I calmly looked on, and no lover of horse and hound could have seen a prettier spectacle as off they jogged to the neighbouring meet, although it was twelve miles from the Berkhamstead kennels. What did they do? Simply this; A field of sixty met them—right good men and true. They uncared their deer at Hottsmore Green, and away she went; not mobbed as is so often the case by foot people or snobs, who, it may be good-naturedly said, ride the deer

under excitement. After fifteen minutes the hounds were laid on, and then away they went, at first slowly, but, the scent becoming warmer, fast to Flamsted and for'ard away to Trolley Bottom, thence skirting the hill, past Margate-street to Cheverill Green. Leaving Kensworth Gorse to the right the chase led on to Short Grove Farm and on to the characteristic "Isle of Wight" coverts where the hind, having not entered, occasioned the first check. Up came the master, forgetting his weight, with the right sort under him, and recovered his deer, which dashed away in view to Dunstable Rifle Butts, and still the cry was "forward!" "forward!" although horses were well-nigh pumped, to the Plough, where this good deer was eventually secured. So much has been written as to how one man went well, and the other succumbed in a ditch, that it is only tautology to repeat the "oft-told tale," suffice it to say that whether it be with the "Old Berkeley Foxhounds," or the "Berkhamstead Buckhounds," real English sport is carried out to the letter, and to maintain the constitution of England, Hertfordshire for one county as a hunting one, is behind no other in showing true sport. May I wind up with some favourite lines to close the day?

"Held by Diana in due estimation,
Bedeck with a gorse flower the goddess's shrine,
Throughout the wide range of this blooming creation
It has but one rival, and that one the vine.
Pluck me, then, Bacchus, a cluster, and squeezing it,
Pour the red juice till the goblet overflows;
Then in the joy of my heart will I, seizing it,
Drink to the land where this evergreen grows."

ACTEON.

Hunting and field sports, other than horse-racing, are, according to *The Parisian*, assuming considerable importance in France. The number of papers after the style of *Land and Water*, such as the *Chasse Illustrée*, the *Sport*, etc., is considerable. Lately the *Figaro* has a weekly article on open-air life. The articles that Mr. de Cherville wrote in *Le Temps*, on Country Life, are now having a success as a volume.

The English colony in Paris, says a Parisian contemporary, is quite romantically excited over the reported engagement of marriage between a whilom tenor, the son of a clergyman, and an English Duchess, recently widowed, and *puissamment riche*. The gentleman supported Miss Kellogg in operatic rôles during her first London season, some twelve years ago. We congratulate the fortunate artist, and the happy lady, too. Her Grace evidently believes with Tennyson, that "True hearts are more than coronets."

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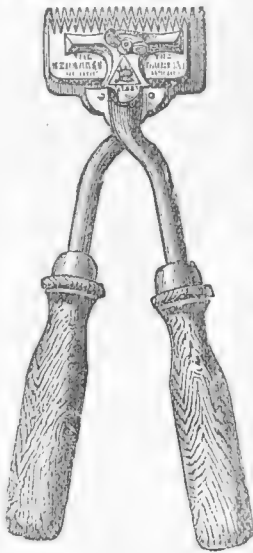
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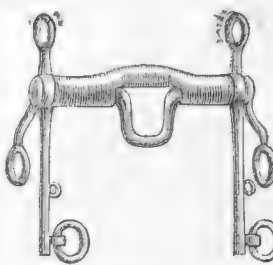
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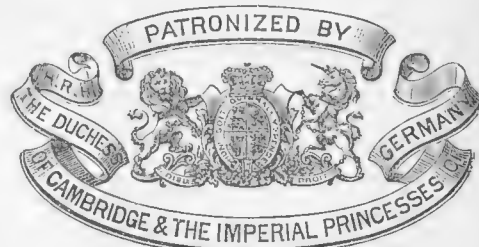
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It is intended to make the presentation at Bulth on the 17th December next. The subscription lists will therefore close on the 1st of December.
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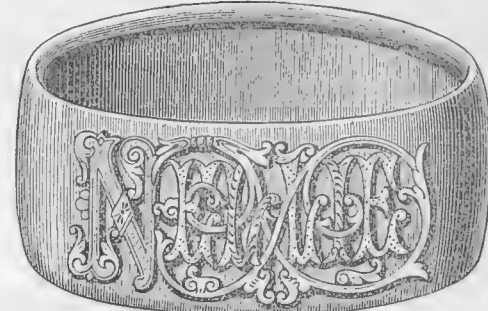
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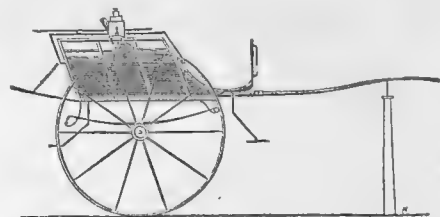
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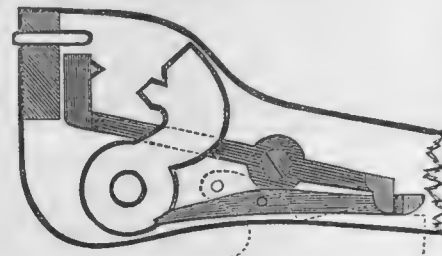
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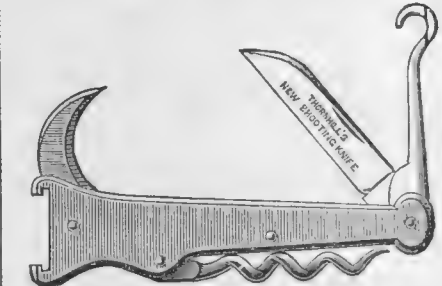
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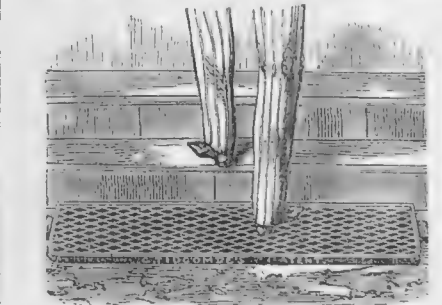
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MOCASSIN, bay filly by Wenlock out of Sandal by Stockwell, 3 years.
CHESTNUT FILLY by Wenlock out of Cutty Sark, 2 years.
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ORIGINAL STORIES and POEMS will include: "A Tale about Turkey," by Captain HAWLEY SMART, Author of "Breezy Langton," "Bound to Win," &c., &c.—"The Poor Player: a Progressive Romance," by GILBERT A. BECKETT.—"The Special Correspondent's Christmas," by FREDERIC BOYLE, Author of "Camp Notes," "The Savage Life," "Diary of an Expelled Correspondent," &c.—"Haymaking," by the Hon. LEWIS WINFIELD, author of "Lady Grizel." "My Lords of Strogue," "An Eccentric Chase," by ALFRED E. T. WATSON.—"The Veiled Picture," by W. YARDLEY.—"Uncle John's New Horse," by "BAGATELLE."—"Red Joe," by SIR CHARLES YOUNG, Bart.—"The Phantom Omnibus," by J. A. O'SHEA.—"The History of a Hare's Foot," by THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC.—"Peace and War," by H. SAVILLE CLARKE.—"A Popular School," by ARTHUR CECIL.—"An Indian Story," by G. A. HENTY.—"A Very Strange Cat," by A. H. WALL.—"The Harbour Master's Revenge," by J. ASHBY-STEELE.—"A Hunting Story," by H. H. S. PEARSE; and contributions by J. L. TOOLE, HENRY HERSEE, "AMPHION," &c.

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Tuesday, Feb. 17.	Tuesday, July 6.
Tuesday, March 2.	Tuesday, July 13.
Tuesday, March 9.	Tuesday, July 20.
Tuesday, March 16.	Tuesday, July 27.
Tuesday, March 23.	Tuesday, Aug. 3.
Tuesday, April 6.	Tuesday, Aug. 10.
Tuesday, April 13.	Tuesday, Aug. 17.
Tuesday, April 20.	Tuesday, Aug. 24.
Tuesday, April 27.	Tuesday, Aug. 31.
Tuesday, May 4.	Tuesday, Oct. 5.
Tuesday, May 11.	Tuesday, Oct. 12.
Tuesday, May 18.	Tuesday, Oct. 19.
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individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accom-
panied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication,
but as a guarantee of good faith.
The Editor will not be responsible for the return of rejected commu-
nications, and to this rule he can make no exception.
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.
DRAMATIC.
HOSTESS.—Mrs. Walter Clifford made her first appearance at the old Coburg
Theatre.
ARTHUR J. B.—The only English play we remember which is said to have
been in twenty-five acts was one written by poor Nat Lee.
JAMES W.—Mr. T. P. Cooke's Jew, Isaac, is said to have been a famous
performance.
SCREY SIDE.—Red fire was first burnt to give effect to stage scenery at
Astley's Amphitheatre, where it was invented by a member of the orchestra
at the latter end of the last century.
A BATH BUN.—Marlowe's Jew of Malta was revived at Drury Lane Theatre
in 1824. Played by a poor company at a time when the national theatre
was in bad odour, it was not attractive. See reply to W. O. R. E.
ROBERT E. WATSON.—Mr. William Leman Rede died in April, 1846. His
father was Mr. Leman Rede, a barrister, who having published an essay
on English law-giving which offended the Government, was compelled to
fly the country. He settled in Hamburg, where his son William was born
on January 31st, 1802. He made his first appearance at Margate in 1823,
as Young Marlow, in *She Stoops to Conquer*. He was the author of
numerous plays, including one written to introduce the late Charles
Mathews to the stage, called *Old and Young Stager*, several novels, and
many fugitive pieces published in the magazines and serials of his day.
A. E.—Write, or apply at the stage-door.
STUDENT.—We believe that Mr. Marston delivered a series of lectures upon
the drama, but we cannot tell you where or when they appeared if they
were printed.
C. B.—Mr. Frederick Fox Cooper, well-known both as an actor and
dramatist, was the lessee at various times of the Marylebone, Victoria,
City of London, New Strand, and Olympic theatres. To which do you
refer? It was of him that the story was told how a certain wealthy
Hebrew, noted for his meanness, having written to request "the
pleasure of having his company to dinner" on a certain occasion, was
startled to find Mr. Cooper and four cab-loads of his professional friends
prepared to do justice to the repast prepared for four. Mr. Cooper
apologised for not bringing the whole of his company—some felt them-
selves unfit for the host's table.
PUZZLED.—Mr. E. Walford amongst others gives 1824 as the year in which
Mr. Burroughs engaged Mr. Buckstone for the Surrey Theatre.
ARTHUR DALY.—*The Bell's Stratagem* was written by Mrs. Cowley, and first
played in 1780. It was very successful, held its attractiveness for two suc-
cessive seasons, and kept the stage as a regular stock piece for many years.
Doricourt was played at Drury Lane by Elliston.
GEORGE WILD.—1. No. She could not have played the part there, for the
simple reason that when the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was revived at
Covent Garden Theatre, on January 17th, 1815, she was dead, and it had
not been played in London during the previous fifty years. 2. Yes. *The
Midsummer Night's Dream* was converted into an opera in 1692.
G. H.—There are several dramatic versions of Sir Walter Scott's *Rob Roy*.
That called *Rob Roy the Gregorach* was first produced at Drury Lane
Theatre, in 1818. It differs very widely both from the novel and the
play now acting at Sadler's Well's Theatre.
W. O. R. E.—Marlowe's Jew of Malta was revived by Edmund Kean, who
played the Jew, Barabas. It ran for twelve nights at Drury Lane. It
previously suffered several additions, alterations, and modifications at the
hands of an actor named S. Penley. The original play was acted at the
Rose Theatre in 1591. Barabas has motives for his revenge far more
powerful than Shylock's, and his revenge is far more bloodthirsty and
extensive.

MISCELLANEOUS.
M.P.—The ingenuity which produces whimsical effects with words, or, in
one word, puns is certainly inferior to the wit which creates humorous ideas,
but why despise it? Your reasons are not good enough for publication.
POOR PAT.—There is at least nothing new in the demand. Irish politicians
were agitating for home government in 1778 on precisely the same
grounds. As to the justice, wisdom, or policy of the movement that
is quite another and very complicated question, for the discussion of
which our columns are not either suitable or open.
V. R.—Unsuitable for either insertion or reply.
SIR SIDNEY.—That we can't say; but it is a fact that in 1854 the lord of the
manor in Manchester had the power of exacting a toll from all who sold
meat and fish in the markets, thus actually taxing for his personal benefit
the very food of the poor. At the same time, too, the malt used in Man-
chester was ground exclusively at the Sock Mill of the Grammar School, to
which the privilege of monopoly anciently belonged. Similar powers of
local tyranny were then exercised by the corporations of other towns, and
in some we believe they still exist, more or less modified by modern
exigencies.
A. G. B.—We can't help it—"Shameless asking will have shameful pay."
M. P.—The first of the kind of journal now known as Society journals was
The Diverting Post, published in 1704.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.
LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.
ORTHODOXY IN BREEDING.
THAT England stood alone and supreme in her opportu-
nities and capabilities for the production of thoroughbred
stock was so long a palpable truism that we cannot wonder

at the difficulty with which this country has been brought to face, and to acknowledge a totally different condition of things. So long as we were the sole producers of the article in question supremacy could easily be maintained; and hence it came to be imagined that we held a sort of patent, never in danger of being infringed by nations and peoples impregnated with much the same notions of British infallibility. Half a century ago, anyone bold enough to hazard the conjecture that continental nations would beat us at our own game would have been laughed to scorn, and the idea of despatching the flower of the English stud back to the *grand seigneurs* of the haras of France, Austria, and Germany would have been scouted as ridiculous, and its promulgator pilloried as a wild and deluded visionary. It is not our intention here to enlarge upon a theme which, however instructive, touches our palates with a savour by no means sweet or pleasant, our object being rather to note what has resulted from the experience acquired in connection with breeding for the French turf, and in other countries which have done us the honour of adopting our national pastime. Diligently pursuing a somewhat difficult subject, and endeavouring to clear from our path all misleading statements and appearances, we are forced at last to the deliberate conclusion that our notions regarding "orthodoxy in breeding" have been very rudely shaken, if they have not been altogether controverted and upset by the stern logic of facts. Mere casual observers may fail to have noted any radical difference in the methods of breeding pursued here and elsewhere; and it is only by close observation and minute attention to details that we are enabled to arrive at an exactly opposite conclusion. Were we challenged to draw broad lines and define plain differences we should not, however, be at a loss to place our finger upon one main point of divergence at least, which shall be deemed sufficient for the scope of a short article like the present. We affirm, then, broadly stating the case, that the system pursued in France in cementing equine alliances favours excellence and aptitude of the mare rather than the prestige of the stallion; whereas in this country an opposite state of things prevails, the antecedents of the sire being studied to the exclusion of merit on the part of his destined consort. As a proof of the above statement, nothing strikes more acutely a novice dabbling in the pedigrees of French and other foreign "cracks" than the continual cropping up of what we should term "unfashionable" blood in the male progenitor. It has frequently been remarked that stallions which could not command a full subscription at the most moderate terms in England, elsewhere blossom into the sires of great winners, and that third-raters hailing from the provinces are deemed good enough to mate with first-class mares, the produce in many cases crossing the Channel to make mincemeat of our own terribly high-bred cattle. We are not citing here exceptional cases, but instances of every-day occurrence; and to convince himself, let the sceptic turn back the pages of his "Racing Calendar," and investigate the parentage of many French winners of important races in England, when he will find the vast majority begotten by sires of small repute as racers, at least as compared with those which we patronise at high fees on this side of the silver streak. On the contrary, the drafts of brood mares which for many years past have left these shores to supplement foreign resources have had the most anxious care and pains bestowed upon their selection, their importers appearing to consider, rightly or wrongly, that the dam is of far more importance in point of ability to transmit racing qualifications than the lord of the harem for whose lot she is destined. It only needs a glance at the method of breeding in vogue among us in England to show that we court success by an exactly opposite method of procedure, the sire being the primary consideration, while in the opinion of the majority of breeders almost any mare is worth a trial at the stud, without regard being had to soundness, size, shape, and racing antecedents. We shall not pursue the subject further at present, but arising out of it comes the momentous question of whether we are right in so following out the maxim of "like begets like" as to exclude from our chief consideration all save Derby, St. Leger, and Cup horses, and others which have shown staying powers of a high order under heavy weights and in first-class company. We are perpetually harping upon the necessity of using *stayers* as sires, whereas we seem to breed fewer stouter horses than continental nations, putting on one side (for our present purpose) a consideration of the different racing systems in vogue here and elsewhere. Is it "orthodoxy in breeding" to lay down a hard and fast line which prevents or limits the use of this or that sire for our high-born matrons on the ground of his being "a mere miler," or "only a T.Y.C. horse"? These reflections have been forced upon us by a retrospect of the past season, of which the bright particular stars (in point of stoutness and staying) furnish grave contradiction to the theory in which we have been so long indulging. It is surely a curious commentary upon our long preconceived and religiously maintained notions that the best Cup horse of his day (or perhaps of the age), and three of the leading favourites for next year's Derby should all be sprung from sires boasting indifferent credentials as stayers in their own day and generation. Neither Sterling, the sire of Isonomy, and Beaudesert, Prince Charlie, from whom Prestonpans claims descent, nor Bertram, the progenitor of Robert the Devil, could be described, even by their most devoted admirers, as anything beyond brilliant milers, not arguing from isolated instances, but from a careful research into all their doughty deeds while still in training. It is not as if Sterling, Prince Charlie, and Bertram never essayed to hold their own over a distance of ground with the mightiest of their compeers: in the cases of the two first named, at least, the trial was made with the most mortifying of results, but once only, each of them being afterwards wisely kept within the limits of his proper tether. The Palmer furnishes yet another instance of a reputed sprinter blossoming into a progenitor of animals of exceptional staying abilities, and we might illustrate our text even more profusely were it necessary to dip deeper into the subject. We would not wish to be understood as advocating the desertion of our sires of well-known and highly-proved stoutness for their flashier competitors in the race for

distinction at the stud; but at any rate, when the thoughts of many will soon be on breeding matters intent, it will not be unprofitable to reconsider the entire question of "orthodoxy in breeding," and to remodel our convictions in conformity with facts staring us in the face. We should be the last to endeavour to inculcate so pernicious a doctrine as that involved in the adoption of the "rule of contraries," but as we are witnesses every day to the numbers of half milers sprung from the loins of Derby and Cup winners, so may we not have too much neglected the reverse of the medal, and have doomed many "Princes of the T.Y.C." to pine in obscurity for want of a chance to prove that they might have retrieved their characters as "fathers of our kings to be"?

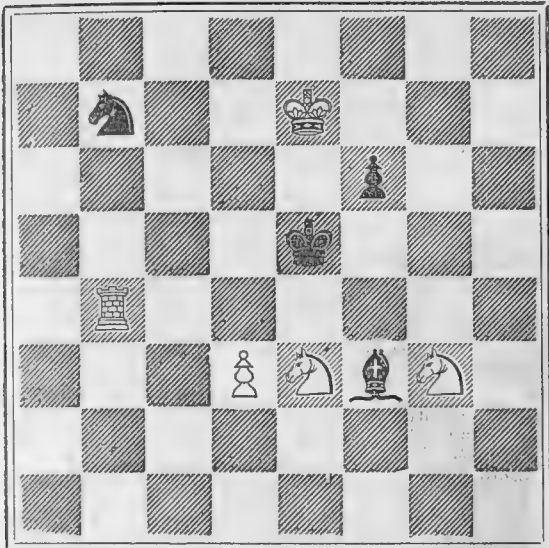
CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. T. (Eton College).—Your letter reached us after we had complied with your request.
N. D. (Holborn).—We thank you for the invitation and wish you success.
J. S.—Your solution of Problem 252 (Mr. Kidson's) is correct.
Custos Morum.—We have heard of the fresh eruption of the evil, and have asked "Mars" to apply his curative hand to it.
Solution of Problem No. 254 by J. Radermacher, "Julia Short," and Germanicus is correct.
Solution of Puzzle (255) by "Julia Short" is correct.
* * * The game recorded by us last week was played between Mr. Earnshaw and an "amateur chess champion."

- SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 254.
- | | |
|---------------------|-----------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. R to K Kt 4 | K takes Kt (a) |
| 2. Kt to Q 4 (mate) | |
| (a) | K to Q 2 (b) |
| 1. Kt to B 5 (mate) | |
| (b) | K to B 2 or Q 4 |
| 1. B to B 4 (mate). | |

PROBLEM NO. 256.
By C. R. BAXTER, Dundee.



WHITE.
White to play and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

A lively game played lately at the City of London Club, in a junior tourney.

(King's Gambit declined.)

- | | | | |
|------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Piper.) | BLACK.
(Mr. W. E. Vyse.) | WHITE.
(Mr. Piper.) | BLACK.
(Mr. W. E. Vyse.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 11. B to Kt 2 (b) | Q to Q 3 |
| 2. P to K B 4 | B to B 4 (a) | 12. Q to Q 2 | P takes P |
| 3. Kt to K B 3 | P to Q 3 | 13. B takes P | Castles |
| 4. P to B 3 | B to K Kt 5 | 14. P to Q 5 (c) | Kt to K B 3 |
| 5. B to K 2 | B takes Kt | 15. B takes Kt | Q takes B |
| 6. B takes B | Kt to Q B 3 | 16. Kt to B 3 | K R to K sq |
| 7. P to Q 4 | P takes Q P | 17. R to Q B sq (d) | Kt takes P |
| 8. P to Q Kt 4 | B to Kt 3 | 18. Kt takes Kt | R takes B (ch) |
| 9. P to Kt 5 | Q Kt to K 2 | 19. K to B sq | R takes Kt (e) |
| 10. P takes P | P to Q 4 | | And white resigned. |

- (a) We prefer P to Q 4.
(b) B to K 3 is the best course here.
(c) Castling, although it involved the loss of a pawn, would have been much better.
(d) In vain: "No medicine in the world can do thee good."
(e) The ending is very neat. Of course if Q takes R, black Q takes P, mating.

CHESS CHAT.

MR. BLACKBURN has lately been visiting the chief towns in the provinces, where, I speak from personal observation, he delighted all whom he met, not more by his wonderful performances than by his unassuming demeanour. Last week at the "Working Men's Club" in connection with Christ's Church, Derby, he played simultaneously and finished off twenty-seven games, winning twenty-five, losing one and drawing one, several of his opponents—such as Mr. Fred. Thompson—being players of no mean strength. On Thursday, the 13th inst., he gave a similar exhibition of his skill at the "Mechanics' Institute" in Nottingham, where he had to contend against two or three (amongst others) of the strongest amateurs in England, the result being that he won eight games, lost one, and drew one. I was present on both of these occasions, and was delighted to see the champion followed, as he went from board to board, by a retinue of admirers eager to note each move the moment he made it. About ten days ago he gave a "blindfold" performance at Cheadle, in Staffordshire, which was remarkable in more respects than one. This town or village is a small place, containing between three and four thousand inhabitants, yet it managed to muster ten strong players, who stood up, or rather sat down, to uphold the honour of their native place. The games lasted for several hours, mainly owing to Mr. Blackburne's courtesy in not counting the time, and then the combatants being obliged to vacate the room where they were playing, and Mr. Blackburne's opponents being very desirous of finishing all the games that same evening, they proposed an adjournment to a school-room which was kindly placed at their disposal by the vicar of the parish. To this proposal Mr. Blackburne, who never shirks work, nor fails to oblige his opponents, when he can do so, acceded. Then, with a torch-bearer at their head, the whole company sallied, through the unlighted streets, armed with their boards and the pieces thereon in position. Slowly they

moved to their destination; but on their arrival there they discovered that several pieces had been misplaced by the jolting they encountered on the way, and to get the right positions it was proposed to play over the games from the records that had been kept. Thereupon Mr. Blackburne offered to save them that trouble by calling out the moves that had already been made from the commencement on the several boards where the pieces had been disturbed. This he did at once with great rapidity and perfect correctness. Play was then resumed, and resulted in seven victories and three "draws" to the champion. Chairing the conqueror was then contemplated, but owing to the lateness of the hour was ultimately abandoned. Great excitement prevailed that evening, nor did it terminate with the night; indeed it culminated next morning in a perfect *furor*. For when the following day Mr. Blackburne went into a shop to make some small purchase, the proprietor thereof with great glee informed him that he had in the forenoon sold all the chess-boards and men in his possession—numbering over one dozen. Surely chess never won a greater victory, nor a player a more flattering compliment.

On Friday, the 14th inst., I visited the Chess Club in Nottingham—fifty years old, and now as ever in most flourishing condition—and there I was most cordially welcomed and entertained by Mr. S. Hamel, the president, a gentleman to whom Nottingham players are largely indebted, not less for his unselfish exertions on behalf of the game than for his first-class ability over the board. On this occasion Mr. Blackburne contended against all the players present, but scarcely had the opening moves been made when I was obliged to leave the room in order to catch a train. Before doing so, I regret to say I disgraced myself—not by losing a game, but by making a pun. My conduct deserves punishment—let me inflict it with my own hand by relating the particulars of my offence. I had top-coated myself, and was about to say farewell to my friends, when an impulse seized me to cast one last, long, lingering look at one of the boards, where the position was very interesting, and to inquire what the opening was. "Philidor," was the answer, to which was immediately appended the question, "What do you think of the opening? Do you ever Philidor?" Immediately I responded, "I used to do so very often, and successfully, and even now, I think"—here I retreated doorways, and expanded my top-coat to its fullest width, so as to make my not unportly figure as burly as possible—"I think I can still fill-a-door as well as any man."

MARS.

MAGAZINES AND SERIALS FOR NOVEMBER.

(SECOND NOTICE.)

The Theatre opens the survey from its "Watch Tower" this month by hailing, "with earnest satisfaction, the evidence that a question of vital interest to the drama," which the writer says "we" have "long laboured to bring prominently before thoughtful men and women, and which has long been hooted down by narrow-minded prejudice, or sneered at by cheap cynicism, is, after many days, beginning to command the grave attention which it intrinsically demands." "It is easy," cries the self-satisfied, self-congratulating watchman, "to win a thoughtless laugh for a jest at the expense of the moral influence of the stage; easier still to demonstrate in a humorous manner the supposed impossibility of founding a national school of acting," &c., and so goes on to note and comment, oracularly enough, upon the various suggestions recently made in so many different quarters for the moral and intellectual improvement of the drama, expressing entire satisfaction with none, and in the end folding hands in placid satisfaction with "The reform has happily come whence, in order to be efficacious, it must always come from within." It does not strike the watchman as odd that a reform in course of deliberation, and only "beginning to command grave attention," should have "come"; while, as he also says, "what practical result comes of the deliberations cannot of course yet be seen." The same curious optical defect is apparent in another article, "Mr. Dion Boucicault on Himself," in which the *New York Spirit of the Times* is patronisingly described as "a lively organ devoted to that odd combination sport and the drama." Suppose we supply the writer with spectacles to lengthen his palpably defective sight by saying sport and amusements, thereby necessarily including the drama. Is it visible? Surely, there's nothing odd in that combination. "Shylock and Other Stage Jews," by Mr. Frederick Hawkins, shows that the writer is not too well "up" in his subjects—historically or historically. He displays his reading by a very imperfect sketch of the history of the Jews in England by way of throwing light upon Shylock, a Venetian Jew, and comes to the conclusion upon the slightest possible grounds that Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* "was intended as a plea for toleration towards the Jews" in this country and in opposition to Marlowe's view of the Jewish character in his *Rich Jew of Malta*, and he also misrepresents the date at which poor Kit Marlowe's play was produced. Mr. Clement Scott's "The Eagles and the Carcase" is an able and interesting paper of a practical turn on Mrs. Pfeiffer's donation, and the proposed means for reforming the drama, in which he deals trenchant blows all round, and spares not ridicule. "Seeing," he says, "the almost overwhelming difficulties that stand in the path of an organisation that shall meet the views of so many deserving and excellent people, it was strange to see how the eagles gathered round the carcase of that generous thousand pounds. The visionary and airy reformers who had talked in the coolest manner of appropriating the time-honoured funds of Drury Lane and Covent Garden naturally demanded a slice of the cake. No one knew what the views of the donor precisely were; no one realised the advantage of the assistance and the counsels of Prince Leopold, who is predestined as the guide and counsellor of universal art—there were only the thousand pounds on the table, and not an individual soul had covered one farthing when up started a score of hungry applicants for the dole." Mr. Scott approves, as we have approved, of Mr. John Hare's suggestion. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has a paper on the "Secrets of Recent Successes," in which he comes to the conclusion that the "notion of realism has been the cramp and bane of modern dramatic efforts," making "modern drama so stupid." The remainder of the number is very readable and interesting. The portrait of Mr. Grossmith is truly admirable and life-like, clearly and forcibly showing that Mr. Woodbury's famous process of re-production is one of unsurpassed merit. The portrait of Miss Heath is equally good as a photograph, but the lighting, expression, and view of the face are very unhappy, and do anything but justice to the original.

Scribner's Monthly Illustrated Magazine is, as usual, brimful of interest, amusement, and information, its numerous illustrations being remarkable for their high artistic value and diversity of subject—as, indeed, they always are.

The Atlantic Monthly opens with an article on the state and progress of military affairs in America, and contains many interesting, cleverly-written papers, including one of sound value and usefulness on "Assorted Americanisms." The writer, however, once or twice makes the mistake of giving an American origin to words which were simply carried from this

country by the early emigrants, and still exist here in common use.

Macmillan's Magazine commences with a new serial story by Mrs. Oliphant, called "He That Will Not When He May," which has a good dramatically effective opening, although as a piece of literary handiwork it is slight and careless. On the whole the number is a little heavy and prosy.

The Biograph contains about thirty-three biographical sketches of living celebrities in various phases of literature, art, arms, and politics.

The Quiver is crowded with papers of weighty and serious interest, although varied in its subject matter and well illustrated.

Familiar Garden Flowers and *Familiar Wild Flowers* retain their attractiveness, the coloured plates in this month's number being particularly good.

The International Portrait Gallery has a curiously life-like and characteristic portrait of Victor Hugo, admirably drawn, coloured, and printed from a photograph by M. Nadar, of Paris.

Our Own Country touches Durham, the Wye, the Derwent, and the Menai Straits, and has illustrations of a faithfully topographical character.

The Book of the Horse gives us a coloured plate from an original painting, representing Captain Percy Williams with a piece cut from the back of his favourite Irish hunter to admit the body of its rider—a novelty which ought not to pass unchronicled.

Cassell's Dictionary of Cookery is, as usual, soundly practical and useful.

Weldon's Ladies' Journal is full of dress and fashion, with carefully given practical diagrams, directions, and details; and *The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion* is heavy with coloured plates of bonnets, hats, and varied new costumes.

Cassell's Illustrated History of the Russo-Turkish War contains the general index to the second volume, with title-page and list of engravings.

London Society concludes the story of "Miss Monkton's Marriage," gives us some good verse, and has considerable variety and interest in its subject matter. We quote, with pleasure, the following lines descriptive of

NOVEMBER.

The brown leaves lie a hundred deep,
The bare boughs toss their arms on high;
There is a cold look in the sky,
And fierce winds o'er the woodlands sweep.
At eventide the valleys fill
With mist, that does not pass away;
The drizzling rain falls all the day,
And patters on the window-sill.
A dismal dampness haunts the morn,
A dewy coldness fills the e'en;
The sun behind a veil is seen,
And all the mountains look forlorn.
The trout in sulky waters lie,
The grouse are wild upon the moor;
The beauty of the ling is o'er,
And barren acres meet the eye.
At night the stars look weirdly bright,
And meteors cross the frosty sky
And vanish, ere the startled eye
Hath time to mark their trail of light.
The dormouse sings his farewell song
Before he seeks his winter rest;
The wild doves come with crimson breast,
And o'er the wheatens stubbles throng.
The daisy, in some sheltered place,
Looks up more meekly to the light;
And all fair Nature shows the blight
November lays upon her face.

J. T. B. W.

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

The Stage Door—Stories by Those Who Enter It. Edited by Clement Scott. Routledge & Sons. Although combining oddly fact and fiction, with no clue for finding out where one ends and the other begins, this little Christmas book is both interesting and amusing. It consists of a series of anecdotes, short essays, and stories by some of the leading dramatic critics, players, and dramatists of the day, cleverly introduced through the medium of an introductory story by the Editor, which is the real gem of the collection. We fear that Mr. Scott found his team somewhat unmanageable, each selecting his own particular way without reference to that the driver had selected. Mrs. Bancroft's tenderly pensive little love story reads wonderfully like a real one. It is not long since we heard one of Mrs. Bancroft's relations telling anecdotes of the early career of Marie Wilton, and in the story now before us we recognise much which we then heard. Mr. Irving tells very amusingly the story of his "First Reading," to which we made reference some time ago in a biography of his then companion, Mr. Edward Saker. Mr. Walter Lacy's "Random Recollections." Mr. Henry Neville's tragic "Story of a Benefit," Mr. E. L. Blanchard's story of George Wieland's heroic goodness, and Mr. Palgrave Simpson's very dramatic story, lead up to the relation of some of Mr. John Hollingshead's curious theatrical experiences. We hope to see Mr. Gilbert's "Comedy and Tragedy" on the stage soon. It suggests a drama which will be full of power, although intensely French; even as a short story it is highly sensational. There's a splendid opportunity for "Céline." Mr. J. L. Toole is amusingly egotistical, as usual, and the long list of other contributions make up a wonderfully diversified whole which cannot fail to command a very large and rapidly increasing number of readers. In some of the papers eccentric punctuation is productive of curious readings, of which some of our critics will probably make the most.

From the Abstract of the Wreck Register presented by the Board of Trade, before the close of last Session, to Parliament, it appears that the number of shipwrecks, casualties, and collisions on and near the coasts of the United Kingdom, during the twelve months from the 1st of July, 1877, to the 30th of June, 1878, was 3,641, which number is happily less than that of the previous year by 523. It should, however, be clearly understood that the wrecks and casualties treated of in the various tables contained in the Register do not mean total losses only, but include accidents and damage of all kinds to ships at sea, of which only a small proportion are attended with loss of life. Thus, of the 3,641 wrecks, casualties, and collisions on the coasts of the United Kingdom, only 422 cases involved total loss, and there was a loss of life from only 126, or about 1 in 29, of the vessels thus lost or damaged. The loss of life during this period would undoubtedly have been increased by thousands in the absence of the noble and determined services of the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution, which are ever ready, in the midst often of storms that are enough to appal the stoutest hearts, to succour the shipwrecked sailor.

REVIEWS.

The "A. D. C.," being Personal Reminiscences of the University Amateur Dramatic Club, Cambridge. Written by F. C. Burnand, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Chapman and Hall, 193, Piccadilly. 1880.

AMONG living humorists there is none more hearty, genial, and kindly than the originator of the now famous "A. D. C.," and it is the special charm of this book that in it are found many pleasantly personal details concerning "Frank Burnand." Next to hearing the stories here contained told by the author with his own rich sense of fun, and that cheery laugh which is so irresistibly contagious, nothing can be pleasanter than reading his recital of incidents in connection with the "A. D. C." Cambridge men, and all who are interested in amateur acting, need not be advised to seize the opportunity of securing a copy of these memoirs, but every one who has any connection with the stage will do well to ponder on what this experienced dramatist has to say on the subject of stage management and the study of characters. It would be difficult to find a better adviser than the wit to whose facile pen the modern stage owes so much wholesome fun.

The idea of the "A. D. C." was first of all started in 1854, and we shall borrow passages from the description of these eventful times. Of course the first thing to be done was to gain the permission of the Vice-Chancellor, and Mr. Burnand waited upon this eminent person with the object of obtaining leave to play *Box and Cox* and his first burlesque, *Villikins and his Dinah*; not altogether, perhaps, exactly the sort of programme that a youthful undergraduate could discuss freely with a Vice-Chancellor. However, he determined to do or die, with a strong preference for the former, and this is a summary of what followed in Mr. Burnand's own words:—

"Presently I was ushered into a dull, dimly-lighted room, and into the presence of the Vice-Chancellor, a short, wizened, dried-up, elderly gentleman, with little legs and a big head, like a serious Punch doll, wearing his academical cap, and with his gown hitched up under his elbows, which gave him the appearance of having recently finished a horn-pipe before I came in. He had the fidgety air of a short-sighted person who has just lost his glasses. This I believe was the truth; he had mislaid his glasses. After saluting me, as I stood, timidly respectful, cap in hand, in the middle of the room, he commenced the conversation.

"You want to see me, I believe, Mr.—, Mr.—, here he referred to the card, but, the light being unfavourable, he was unable to read it without his spectacles, and so gave it up as a bad job. I did not feel inclined to help him. Somehow, why I don't know, I felt that my name would be against me. It was like one of those *obiter dicta*, about which you have to be very careful, lest it should be 'used against you at your trial.'

"Yes, sir," I said, twiddling the tassel of my cap.

"I've got a meeting of the Heads in a few minutes," said the Vice-Chancellor, taking out a large watch, pretending to consult it, and then returning it to his fob.

"A 'meeting of the Heads' had a pantomimic sound about it which was, in view of my errand, reassuring.

"If I could only have said, 'Never mind the Heads, listen to my tale,' the ice would have been broken. But I was too nervous for this ill-timed levity.

"I felt I must begin. I began accordingly, very hot, and uncomfortably parched; and in a husky voice as if I had been breakfasting on nuts.

"I've come, sir, to ask you, sir," I said, 'for your permission'—my sentence was not so clear as this, but confused and jumbled; 'for your permission, to—to—' and then I thought I could put it better, and so tried back. 'I mean, sir, we had some idea of getting up a—a—a—' like Macbeth's amen, the words 'theatrical performance' stuck in my throat. If there had been a trap-door at my feet, and I could have been let down easily into the cellar beneath, startled the clerical-looking

with too large a programme all at once—'and—and—and—' here I came to a standstill. But I breathed more freely now. The first step had been taken, and the words 'theatrical performance' had been pronounced.

"Um!" said the Vice-Chancellor; and, giving his gown a good hitch over his elbows, he put his head on one side, as though he were meditating the commencement of another horn-pipe on the spot.

"I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, I believe, Mr.—Mr.—Mr.—" and he referred to my card, which he could not see to read.

"I was bound to help him. My name, I informed him, was Burnand. Somehow it didn't sound to my own ears as if I said it well; in fact, I pronounced it so badly that I should have been prepossessed against myself, on the spot, had I been somebody else hearing it for the first time.

"Of Trinity?" he asked, persuasively.

"Of Trinity," I answered.

"A—um— a Fellow of Trinity?" he inquired, with a courtesy of manner, and an emphasis on the word 'Fellow' that implied a doubt.

"No, sir," I answered, respectfully, but with as much carelessness as I could muster at the moment,—no, sir, I am not a Fellow."

I tried to give myself the air of saying this as though I could have been a Fellow if I had liked, only that, somehow, it had not suited my purpose.

"His manner towards me changed visibly.

"So you want my permission for a dramatic performance? Um!" he said, giving another violent hitch up up to his gown. "And—a hem!— what play do you propose? Of course," he went on, most seriously, 'there's a large field for selection. Is it a Greek play that you propose?'

"No," I replied, as if I were most reluctantly divulging a deep secret; 'it is not a Greek play.' And I wondered to myself what he would think of *Villikins and his Dinah*, if I had mentioned the subject to him.

"Well, he continued, as if inclined to yield a point in my favour, 'perhaps you are right. Terence is a favourite. You have, you say, selected a Latin play?'

"No, sir, I—I hesitated—it is—it is not a Latin play."

"Not Greek, or Latin!" he exclaimed, as if these were the only two languages he had ever heard of anywhere. "Then what is

the play you propose?'

"Well, sir, it's—it's English," I answered; and I began to have my doubts as to the truth of that statement now.

"English!" he repeated, with an air of surprise. "One of Shakespeare's? Surely that's rather an undertaking?'

"I admitted most readily, for it was the first loophole he had given me, that Shakespeare would indeed have been far too much of an enterprise for us, and that, in fact, we did not aim quite so high.

"Then what do you propose to play?" he asked, severely.

"Well, sir," I began humbly, 'we were not thinking of attempting anything great. It is merely among ourselves.'

"Members of the University only, of course," interrupted the Vice-Chancellor.

"Oh, of course!" I returned, quite cheerfully, being delighted to find myself at one with him on any point. "And,



"HE WAS A CAREFUL MAN."

butler, and then escaped, I would have given a trifle to have done so at that moment. Never shall I forget this interview.

"Yes," he said, taking my sentence up at the point where I had dropped it. "You are getting up a subscription, eh? For what object?'

"No, sir," I replied; 'not exactly a subscription, though the object,' and here the charity idea again recurred, as softening it all down, 'would be the benefit of some hospital—the Adenbrook Hospital, for instance,' I added, so as to interest him, as it were, with a certain local colouring.

"And, sir," I went on, rather vaguely, 'I thought—at least we thought—that a theatrical performance—' he started, as my cat jumped thus suddenly out of the bag, and his start frightened me, but I managed to resume as steadily as I could, 'a theatrical performance—of—in—fact—ahem!—some one or two plays—or one—perhaps,—thinking not to overpower him

sir, we were thinking of merely playing a little—a little piece."

"A grand idea struck me. I would not mention the name, *Box and Cox*, which might only make the Vice-Chancellor think I was laughing at him, but I would mention the name of its author, Mr. Maddison Morton, by which, I fancied, he would be impressed. So I finished up thus,— 'We are thinking of playing a little piece by Mr. Maddison Morton.'"

"Perhaps," it occurred to me, 'the Vice-Chancellor may know Maddison Morton; and, if so, all right!'

"But Dr. Guest only appeared puzzled, and repeated several times,—

"Morton—Morton!" as if he were either trying to recall an acquaintance of that name or were learning the word, by heart, like a parrot.

"Maddison Morton," I explained, affably.

"Um!" he considered. Then he paused and examined the carpet. Receiving no assistance from that quarter, he looked up suddenly at me, and asked, 'Fellow of Trinity?'

"No," I said. I was not aware—he might be—but—in fact, Maddison Morton had never presented himself to me in that light. For me, it had been sufficient that Maddison Morton should have been the distinguished author of *Box and Cox*.

"Not a Fellow of Trinity?" said the Vice-Chancellor, suspiciously.

"No; I don't think so."

"Um! And you propose acting a play written by Mr. Morton, who is not a Fellow of Trinity? Yes; what is the name?"

"I could not help it. It was bound to come out at last."

"It is called *Box and Cox*."

"Even then I was afraid he would ask me if 'Box and Cox' were Fellows of Trinity, without which qualification their fate, I felt at once, was sealed. I even regretted not having introduced them as Mr. Box and Mr. Cox, the other title sounding so familiar. If I could only have metamorphosed them into the Rev. Mr. Box, M.A., Fellow of Trinity, and Dr. Cox, D.D., Fellow of Caius, it would have been perfect."

"But the Vice-Chancellor was very grave and serious over it. He did not know either Box or Cox, by name. They were not members of the University, any more than Mr. Maddison Morton was a Fellow of Trinity, and so he could not recognise them officially. *Box and Cox*, might be, he seemed to think, very worthy persons, without a stain on their character, but he could not countenance them, as performing in this University. He had misunderstood me, and thought I had proposed a theatrical entertainment to be given by Messrs. Box and Cox (of the London theatres) in a play written by a Mr. Morton,—not a Fellow of Trinity."

We are sure that we need not apologise for the length of the quotation, but may summarise the result by saying that the Heads would not grant permission, and so for a time the budding "A. D. C." was cruelly nipped. Better luck for the aspiring actors was in store; and five or six years afterwards the Master of Trinity, Dr. Whewell, was invited by the "A. D. C." to meet H.R.H. the Prince of Wales (to whom Mr. Burnand's book is dedicated), the Master of Sidney, the Vice-Chancellor,

and other Heads who had originally declined to have anything to do with Box and Cox, not Fellows of Trinity.

The pieces first suggested were in course of time played at the Hoop Inn, and by slow but sure degrees the "A. D. C." grew and flourished, so that the sudden and total disappearance of a gentleman (not a Fellow of Trinity, nor, indeed, a Cambridge man at all), who had been appointed treasurer, was a blow from which the club speedily recovered. The performances became widely popular, and were full of amusing incidents, arising in many cases from the misdirected enthusiasm of amateurs. We should like to tell the story of the bear driver who took a real, instead of a "property" stick to beat his bear, and carried out the part with a spirit of which the unfortunate animal wholly disapproved; but to quote all the diverting portions would fill a considerable portion of the present issue, and we may leave them to readers of the volume. The manner in which Mr.

going over his first long speech—a miserable set of lines at the best, though I say it as shouldn't—now—though then I thought them uncommonly fine, and in answer to Tuffee was saying—

'The son and heir of our great king, he went
To take the sun and air—'

When he suddenly broke off, and gave a short but emphatic 'ha! ha!' repeated the 'ha! ha!' and seemed so utterly unable to proceed with the rehearsal that I asked anxiously if anything was the matter with him?

"No," he replied, still laughing jerkily. 'Only I didn't see it before.'

"What?" I asked.

"What?" he returned, staring at me. 'Why, sun and air—son and heir. You mean it for a pun—don't you? Ha! ha!'

"I admitted that my intention had certainly been to perpetrate a *jeu de mots*, which I owned did not seem to me absolutely novel.

"Well," he replied, 'it mayn't be here—ha! ha!—but I never saw it before. Ha! ha! son and heir—ha! ha!—very good. Why, I've said it over a hundred times without seeing it. But,' he finished, by way of consoling me, 'I see it now—and I shan't laugh at it again.'

"Gradually, by fits and starts, all the puns in his own part broke on him. And each time he exploded in short laughs, like a cracker. When they came very close together—when, as modern critics on burlesque say, 'the lines bristled with puns'—then he stopped short, repeated the lines slowly, examined them carefully, as though he were a schoolboy picking plums out of a cake, and not until he was quite certain of having mastered them all, did he proceed with his speech.

"His heart within his breast,
Began to quaver while he took his rest."

"Here he paused, looked dubiously at me, then exclaimed—'Oh, I see it—'quaver'—'rest'—terms in music—ha! ha!—explaining the joke, as though he were a punster's dictionary. Then he went on—

"'Twas but an idle crotchet of the brain."

(To himself),
'Crotchet—ha! ha!—there's another' (to me).
'I see it—

"So trebled his pace to find his home again."

(To himself)—
'Trebled'—yes—that's another—ha! ha!—

"And at last, when he reached the description of the Princess meeting with the Dragon, who—

"Looked at his scales, and thought 'twas *affaire finny*,"

he paused—thought it out, slapped his leg, and came out with a tremendous guffaw.

"I knew that was a pun," he cried triumphantly. 'I told What's-his-name so, when he heard me my part this morning. I told him you meant it for a pun—but he didn't see it.'

"Not until the night of performance did the full light of the puns in the other parts break on him, and, whether he was on the stage, or listening at the wing, the most appreciative audience for every point in the piece was Reginald Kelly, who, whenever any of the other characters came out with a punning line, gave his very audible laugh 'Ha! ha!' adding, *sotto voce*, 'Hang it! there's another!'—and at the first representation he undoubtedly led the laugh, for the undergraduate audience, quick to catch at such a peculiarity, took this as an original point in his part, and whenever he unconsciously directed their



HE WASN'T.

Reginald Kelly aided the success of Mr. Burnand's *St. George and the Dragon* (in which, by the way, Mr. Alfred Thompson was to have made his first appearance at the A. D. C., and would have done so had his regiment not been ordered to the Crimea), must be recorded:—

"The doggerel lines he had to speak were full of wretched puns, and Kelly gave them out at rehearsal, stolidly in his Comptonian style, without a smile. I was in raptures. He would play it splendidly. As the rehearsals proceeded it was noticed that the more familiar Toadee became with his part, the less glibly he delivered it. He seemed to be lost in meditation before each line, which he would then repeat deliberately with a puzzled expression of countenance, and a side inquiring glance at me as much as to say, 'Look here, you're the author, what do you mean by this?' but he never stopped to make any observation, until, at the fourth rehearsal, when he was slowly

attention to a pun, which he had only just that minute discovered, and which had surprised him out of his ejaculation of 'Oh, hang it! there's another!' they shouted and roared again, and applauded vociferously."

Another story we should much like to quote is that of the two gentlemen whose parts in a farce obliged them to remain among the audience and object to what took place on the stage, and whose efforts were certainly misinterpreted by the rest of the audience. We must, however, give an extract from a remarkable performance of *Still Waters Run Deep*. Old Potter was waiting to receive his guests, standing with his back to the fireplace, and wondering why "Captain Langford" did not arrive. This character was played by Mr. D'Uleymer, and as he had only some three lines to speak he determined to make a hit by his gorgeous appearance. He had therefore dressed with infinite care, and had indeed lingered so long over the operation that his way to the stage was absolutely cut off. There was but one entrance, and this could not be reached when the curtain was up; so that, after all his pains, there seemed no possibility of his being able to relieve Potter's anxiety. What was to be done?

"The prompter gave it up as hopeless, and struck with a brilliant idea, he sent on Jessop, the servant, to say to Potter, 'Captain Langford's compliments, sir, but he's very unwell, and can't come.'

"'Hey? very unwell—can't come—dear me, how very sad,' exclaimed Potter, heartily glad that the difficulty was got over, and expecting Mrs. Sternhold to enter, and the piece to proceed.

"But D'Uleymer was not going to be done out of his appearance on the stage in a speaking part after all his trouble with the tailor and the hairdresser. If a brilliant idea had occurred to our prompter for cutting him out of the piece, an equally brilliant idea had occurred to D'Uleymer of putting himself back again.

"Before him, on the O. P. side, was a door. Evidently a door. He was in happy ignorance of the fact that what was a door to him was on the other side a chimney-piece and fire-place to the audience. To D'Uleymer it was a simple door, and 'nothing more.' He had only got to PULL it towards him, and he was on the scene. What could it possibly matter, he argued with himself, 'whether Captain Langford came in right or left?' So acting on the impulse, and, just as Kelly was standing on the hearth-rug rubbing his hands, with his back to the fire, saying—'Dear me! I'm very sorry Langford can't come,' he heard a strange noise behind him, and turning round, he saw, to his utter dismay, the looking glass over the mantel-piece suddenly disappearing, mantel-piece and all, and in its place appeared Langford's head and shoulders in all the glory of a white tie, open front, and flower in his button-hole, while through the chimney came his legs, thus revealing the entire gentleman himself.

"Kelly literally staggered to the centre of the stage as if he had seen a ghost, and uttered so strong an expression in good old Saxon as to make the audience shout with laughter. But D'Uleymer never lost his presence of mind, in fact he was not aware, till afterwards, that he had come down the chimney to the dinner-party. So there he stood smiling and undismayed, the welcome but unexpected guest.

"'How are you, Potter?' he said, quite coolly, extending his hand. 'Couldn't come before, I lost my way.'

"'Lost your way!' gasped Kelly, who hadn't yet recovered, 'you must have—with a vengeance—why, you've come down the chimney!'

"D'Uleymer turned, and for the first time became aware that he had not made his entry through the door. He had no reply ready, except 'Well, yes—you see—it's a very fine day,' as though the state of the weather would satisfactorily account for his preferring to come down the chimney, instead of in at the door. Then he simpered, twiddled his watch-chain, and fell into his place among the other guests, as though he really had no further explanation to offer, and considered it rather ill-bred of Potter to have made any remark on the mode of his guest's arrival.

"The reason for his coming down the chimney, [subsequently given, at supper, was that 'he wanted to show his new suit.'

The celebrities at the "A. D. C." naturally and necessarily included Mr. Quintin Twiss, who stands almost alone as an amateur actor. We have often had the pleasure of referring in these columns to the efforts of this admirable comedian, though sometimes—in accordance with a rule we always stringently observe—he has played under an assumed name, and we have not divulged the secret, if that be a secret which is so well-known to many "old stagers" and others. This gentleman's natural sense of fun, unforced humour, and aptitude for the stage, placed him in the front rank of the "A. D. C.," for which as an Oxford man he was eligible, some twenty years ago; and if there be a chance of seeing Mr. Twiss act, we may hint to possible spectators that the experience he has since gained has greatly tended to strengthen the point of his performances. Of a representation in the October term of 1857, Mr. Burnand writes:—

"The fame of our new honorary member, Quintin Twiss, attracted the largest audiences ever known at that time in our very small auditorium.

"The note here is copied verbatim from the records:—

"'N.B.—Snozzle, who had come down from town on purpose to take the part, did it to perfection, and by his great humour and originality brought down unbounded applause! He has particularly requested that it should be made known for the benefit of posterity that his shirt-front was not painted on this occasion.

"This allusion is to his studs, which were very large, and Preston had suggested that to avoid losing them, it would be safer to paint them on the shirt-front. It was supposed that Quintin Twiss had adopted this suggestion; and it was gradually circulated, and generally believed that in private life Mr. Twiss was in the habit of painting studs on his shirt-front, in

which art, it was said, he had arrived at such perfection as to defy the most severe scrutiny.

"Everyone was examining the effect closely; some even brought opera glasses to see 'the man who painted studs on his shirt-front.' Extra tickets at increased prices, it was stated, were sold every night in order to gratify the curiosity of numbers who were compelled to come early, and submit to be squashed, in order to get a sight of the celebrated painted studs.

"Members of the 'A. D. C.' came round into the green room to ask him if they really were painted, and, if so, to show them how he did it. At about the hundredth repetition of the question, 'I say, Twiss, do you paint your studs?' our new 'star' began to think he had had enough of the joke, and proclaimed aloud to all assembled in the green room that, in order to avoid further unnecessary trouble, he wished it publicly known that he did not paint his studs, that he never had painted his studs, and did not intend to.

"This was received with acclamation.

"The noise attracted the attention of the audience, who were awaiting the commencement of the burlesque, and some among them knocked at our stage door to ask for an explanation. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and some one stepping forward announced in a loud voice at the door of the auditorium that 'Mr. Twiss did not paint his studs as a rule, but that perhaps to-morrow night he might do so to oblige.'

"This was inaudible to the 'star' in the green room, who, the following evening, was not a little astonished to see that the number of *lorgnettes* was increased, and was again bothered by several members, strangers to him hitherto, who were waiting about the green room most anxious to be introduced to Quintin Twiss, who, accustomed by this time to reiterated offers of hospitality—he could have dined and supped out six times in an evening had he been so inclined, not to mention luncheons and breakfasts—merely thought that each of them was coming with some fresh invitation, which he regretted his inability to accept. But now the form generally was put dramatically in this way—

"'Smith (inactive member of 'A. D. C.' to stage manager or some one in authority).—I say, introduce me to Twiss, there's a good fellow.

"'Stage Manager (hurriedly).—All right. Here, come on! I say, Twiss! (approaching him).

"'Twiss (pausing in the process of making up for Snozzle).—Yes; what is it?

"'Stage Manager.—Here, I want to introduce Smith to you—(Twiss smiles and bows, and says that as Twiss he is delighted, but as Snozzle he must proceed with his 'make-up').

"'Smith (apologetically).—Oh, I won't interrupt you. I'm sure we have to thank you immensely—(Twiss as Snozzle smiles, and deprecates further compliment). Can you come to supper this evening?

"'Twiss (pleasantly).—Thanks, I'm afraid I can't, I'm going to Hill's (continues Snozzling).

"'Smith (who is not going to Hill's).—Ah! I wish you'd been able to manage it—(Twiss, intent on finishing himself as Snozzle, expresses, in pantomime, his despair at being previously engaged, wondering to himself who the devil Smith is)—but—I want to ask you something—(Twiss assumes an affable expression, and pauses with a hare's-foot in his hand, and one cheek rouged, ready to afford any information in his power, and Smith continues hesitatingly)—um—ah—do you—do you paint your studs?

"'Whereat there would be a roar from the listeners, in which our 'star' couldn't help joining."

Here we must reluctantly part from our kindly conductor, though we can assure readers that the dips we have taken into the volume do very little indeed towards exhausting the stock of anecdote with which the book is crammed. He must be a very stolid creature who can read these memoirs without more than one hearty laugh, and all who know the place and persons spoken of will find the book full of the pleasantest recollections.

The Felthams; or, Contrasts in Crime. A Story by FRANZ. London: Wyman and Sons.

Full of changeable incidents of a highly sensational, realistic kind, "The Felthams" carries its readers briskly along from chapter to chapter, strengthening the interest as it goes, and is just that kind of story in which novel-readers are likely to take most delight. The character of Tightdraw, the unscrupulous, spider-like lawyer, and his equally unscrupulous clerk Snigge are amongst the most strongly drawn in the volume, which will probably become popular.

Jack's Education, and How he Learnt Farming. By Professor Henry Tanner, F.R.S. London: Chapman and Hall. This is a work similar in plan to the above, although devoted to another phase of early experience. It contains a mass of scientific, useful, and interesting information embodied in the plainest language, and is at the same time both amusing and readable. One all-important thing, unfortunately, it lacks—an index. Without this the practical character of the work loses value greatly. One would hardly care to wade through its pages in search of some particular scraps of useful knowledge over and over again. Such a task would soon become wearisome in the extreme. A fairly good index to its practical, economic, scientific, and technical contents, excluding the non-practical simply fictitious and amusing elements would give it immediate value as a book of reference.

A Thousand Miles' Cruise in the Silver Cloud. From Dundee to France and Back in a Small Boat. By William Forwell. Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London: Blackie and Sons. (Second edition.)—This is a somewhat pleasant, but not particularly clever, little volume, chatty, frank, and genial, suitable for a quiet hour or two's light but not altogether useless or idle reading. The writer now and then displays a narrowness of view and strong prejudices, and has a tendency to preach to us of very solemn things, yet he never lacks cheerfulness, and if his descriptions are somewhat too tame and common-place, they are honestly meant. The book has a few pretty little original illustrations, and a map of the boat's course.

Tree Planting for Ornamentation or Profit. By Arthur Roland, edited by Wm. H. Ablett. London: Chapman and Hall.—Here is another of those unsatisfactory irritating things, a book on a diversified subject without an alphabetically arranged index; which is the more regrettable because the book is one of genuine excellence and importance, soundly practical, and admirably written. No one who loves trees, the study of them, the literature of them, or their planting and cultivation should fail to obtain a copy, although everybody who buys it will, we fear, regard the mere table of contents as a very poor apology for an index to a book the very nature of which indicates that it is intended as a work for reference as well as for ordinary reading.

A Few Months in New Guinea. By Octavius C. Stone, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. London: Sampson, Low, Marston, and Searle.—We have here a work of great interest and value, in which the author, unrestrained by any regard for great modesty or false delicacy, faithfully describes, and with full details, the manners and customs—some of which are indeed disgustingly beastly, as witness page 106 of the inhabitants of New Guinea, or Papua, the largest island in the world. So little has been written of this country, and its explorations have been so few and imperfect, that Mr. Stone's book is sure to receive more than common attention, and attract readers of many different classes. We venture to assert that it will disappoint none. Close observation, fearless investigation, and a large amount of that preliminary and varied practical knowledge which is of the highest importance in the experience of every explorer, together with self-dependence, patient endurance of hardships, coolness and self-possession in times of danger, and a genuine inquiring interest in everything that is new and strange, have crowded every page of the book with novel and instructive information. Not the least interesting, novel, or valuable feature of the book is a short dictionary of Motu words with instructions for pronouncing them.

HISTORY OF A BULL-FIGHTER.

FRASCUELO, the renowned Spanish bull-fighter, who was recently reported to have died from wounds received in the arena, is a prominent hero of the

"Ungentle sport that oft invites

The Spanish maid and cheers the Spanish swain;"

and a sketch of his career will be of interest. Frascuelo for the last 10 years excited a 'furore' in the Peninsula not easily understood by strangers to the enthusiasm excited in Spain by its peculiar national sport, and it may be of interest to give a few particulars of his life. He was a native of Andalusia, and when only 10 years old entered a Seville slaughter-house; these establishments, it may be remarked, having in a great many instances formed a sort of training school for the toradors. At the age of 18, Frascuelo joined a quartett known as the "quadrillo d'El Tato," and became fairly launched in his career as a chulo—the chulos being those charged with the task of exciting the ire of the "monarch of the lowing herd," by waving in his eyes a red flag, the colour in question being proverbially hateful to members of the genus taurus. From a chulo Frascuelo developed in due course into a banderillero, and as such displayed an almost foolhardy daring that endeared him to the bullfight-loving Spaniards. It is said that he was accustomed to await the approach of the bull, and when the enraged beast with lowered head was close upon his tormentor, Frascuelo would spring lightly upon his neck, plant a couple of banderillas—small javelins adorned with many-coloured ribbons—in the bull's throat and bound off in immunity, while gracefully saluting the spectators. For his prowess in this branch of his profession he was one day elected by the suffrages of the onlookers to the dignity of *prima spada*. His chief, Lagartijo, happened to receive a wound that incapacitated him from concluding a contest at San Sebastian, and a general shout called for Frascuelo to terminate the existence of the toro. Frascuelo lost no time in seizing the maceta, dashed into the lists, and with one blow severed the animal's vertebral column. He was thenceforward, for a space of 10 years, the first matador of the Peninsula, and during that time is reported to have slain no fewer than 300 bulls, not, however, himself, escaping wholly scathless. Frascuelo, or, as his admirers of the fairer sex loved to call him, Frascuelito, is adored by the populace as much for his extravagance as for his address and bravery.

THE Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duchess of Connaught honoured the Lyceum Theatre with their presence on Monday evening to witness the *Merchant of Venice*.

EMILE ZOLA affirms that the novel has killed the stage. We should prefer to say that the modern novelist is superior to the modern dramatist. And why is he? Because he dares to be original, he dares to paint modern life as it is among ourselves in ordinary society; he gives us "the people of our age," with their good and bad points, their virtues and vices, their grace and their oddities. When we read our novel we find ourselves among decent people, and no more tolerate vicious characters in fiction than we do on the stage. Novels are killing the drama because they are based on what is general and can be appreciated by all; not on one perverted passion which few are tempted by or sympathise with.—*The American Musical Times*.

WE have been told of many intelligent mules and horses. One case we remember of a mule going into a blacksmith's shop to have a nail pulled from his foot is only equalled by a story of a religious horse that we were told of yesterday. He is owned by Mr. Alexander, of Oswichee, Ala., who rides him to church on preaching days, which is twice a month. On other Sundays he is turned out to graze, and it is on these days he is so religious. He goes down to church, stops at the tree where he is generally tied when there is preaching, and, with his head toward the church, remains about an hour and a half. He then walks leisurely home. This is a fact, and will be vouched for by any of the people of Oswichee. So says the *Columbus (Ga.) Enquirer*.

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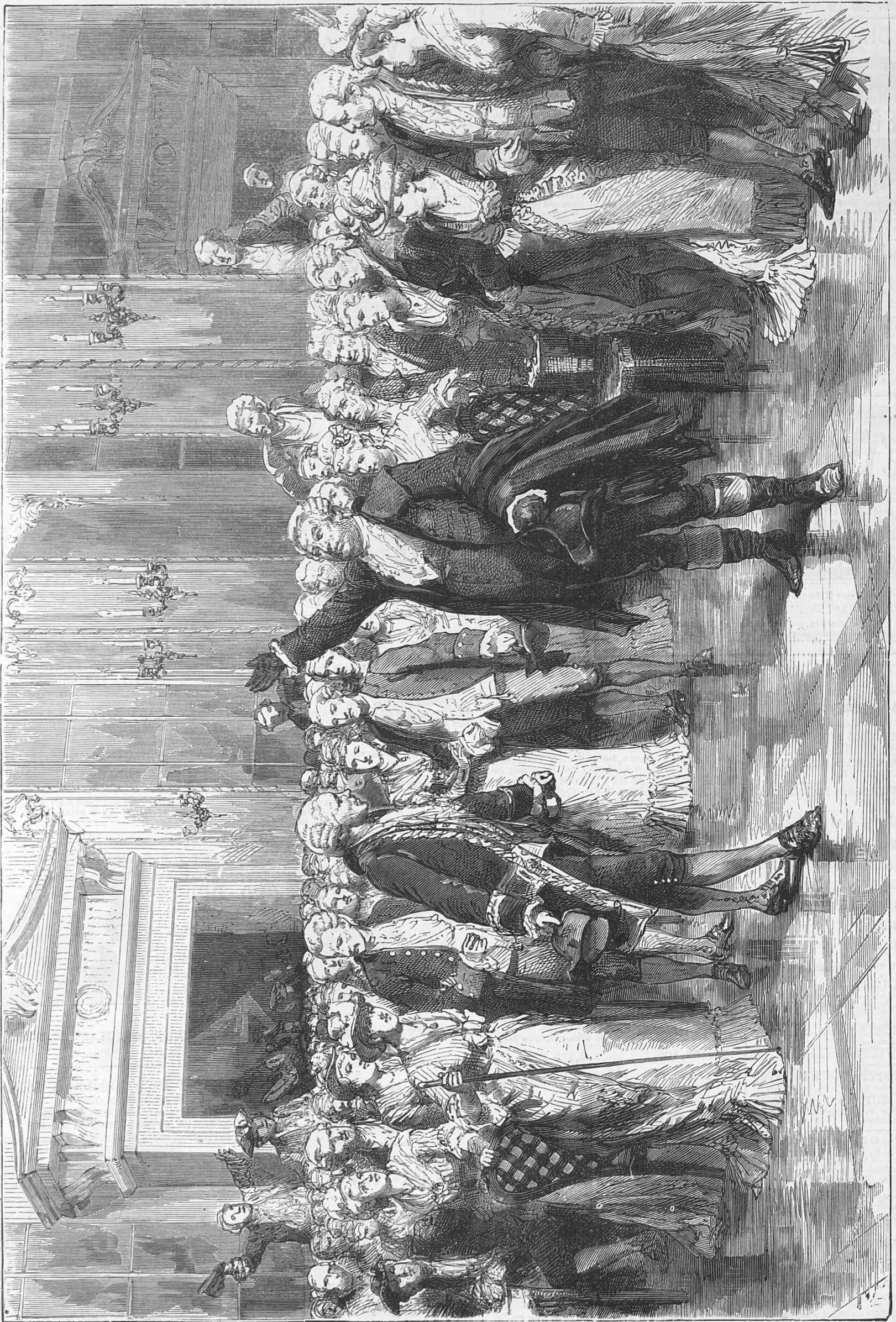
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